

# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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## GALLANT JACK BARRY; OR, THE YOUNG FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY. *By CAPT. THO'S H. WILSON.*

AND OTHER STORIES



The girl dropped the loose gown she was wearing over her male attire, and sprang upon the bulwarks. Jack was by her side on the instant, having flung aside the wig and false beard. They stood together, hand in hand.



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## Gallant Jack Barry

Or, THE YOUNG FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

By CAPT. THO'S H. WILSON

### CHAPTER I.—The Young Deserter.

The rumblings of the coming revolution could be heard along the coast from Maine to Georgia some time before the first blow was struck. English warships flocked to the coast, English soldiers held the large cities and forts, and English agents and spies were abroad on all sides. It was evening in Philadelphia, and a small British sloop-of-war was lying at anchor in the Delaware river, just below Smith's Island. A young man of nineteen, in the garb of a sailor, stood at an open window of a house facing the river, and he shook his clenched fist at the English vessel.

"The mischief fire ye," he said aloud, "but 'tis 'd 'ike to have a chance at you, and who knows 'at it will come soon."

"What will soon come, you saucy fellow?" inquired an old gentleman, as he raised his head from a desk.

"War with England, Mr. Meredith, as I heard the gentlemen last night saying."

"And you wish for war, Jack Barry?"

"Why not, sir? The English rogues are getting more insolent every day. They rob us and insult us here on land, and they drag our seamen from the merchant ships at sea, to force them to serve on their men-of-war. As Mr. Washington said last night, we can't stand it much longer."

Jack Barry peered out at the sloop-of-war, which had just fired a gun.

"They're putting a boatload of armed men ashore," he answered, "and I suppose 'tis a poor chap deserting that was forced into the service. May he escape, and may the old boy fly away with those after him, is my prayer."

The old merchant smiled and shook his head at the young sailor.

"Jack Barry," he said, "you must be careful with your tongue or you will get into trouble. If they heard you, you would be dragged on board of that vessel and forced to serve under the flag you hate."

"I'd die first, Mr. Meredith. Holy Moses! if there's not a poor devil coming up from the wharf now. Into the alley here at the side, my lad, and I'll give ye a hand."

The deserter outside heard the advice, and he started into the alley. Jack Barry was hastening out of the office when Mr. Meredith stopped him.

"Where are you going, you mad fool?" he asked.

"I'm going to give the poor fellow a lift, of course."

"Go, then, and here are the keys to the private vaults."

The young sailor grabbed the keys and hastened out to the yard, muttering:

"I knew his heart was in the right place, after all. Now for this poor chap."

"Here I am, mate," said a boyish voice, as a dripping figure arose from behind a hog'shead.

Loud voices could then be heard out in the street in front of the merchant's office.

"I saw him run into that alley," cried one of the voices.

"In after him," cried another, "and the young pup will get a hundred lashes on the bare back in the morning."

Jack Barry could feel the damp hand trembling within his own as he seized the young deserters to draw him back.

"Come with me, lad," he whispered, "and I'll save you from the sharks."

A pressure of the hand was the only reply from the stranger, as Jack Barry led him down into the cellar. The English sailors were then rushing into the yard.

Mr. Meredith heard the commotion from his office, and he sighed, as he muttered:

"I'm afraid that young rascal is in trouble at last. Who is that?"

"It's only me, sir," answered Jack Barry, as he entered the office and handed the bunch of keys to the old merchant.

A young English midshipman strode into the office with a sword in his hand, followed by six or seven sailors with cutlasses.

"Where's the lad, old man?" demanded the midshipman of the old merchant.

"My name is Meredith, sir, and I am a merchant in this city. What brings you here?"

"Oh, stow that nonsense, old fellow, or you'll get into trouble. I am Midshipman Pease, of His Majesty's sloop Petrel, and I'm after a young deserter who came in here."

"I saw nothing of your deserter, sir," answered the old merchant, "and I know nothing about him."

"Who have we here?" asked the young officer, turning on Jack Barry.

"I am Jack Barry, sometimes called Saucy Jack Barry," was the blunt answer, "and I am second mate of the good ship Black Prince."

"You are a saucy-looking fellow. And what do you know of our deserter?"

"If you mean a dripping lad, officer, I saw him



going into the alley just as the gun went off on the sloop."

"Why didn't you catch him, as you must know that he was a deserter?"

"How could I know, sir?"

"You are not a fool, and I believe you know where the lad is now. Come, you young lubber; I'll make you an offer."

"What is it, sir?"

"Show us where the deserter is hiding, and you'll get the reward. Refuse, and you'll go with us on board the Petrel, to serve for him."

"I wouldn't give the lad up," answered Jack, in indignant tones, "to save my own life, if I knew where he was."

"Seize the fellow, men, and then we'll search the cellar again."

Two of the sailors rushed at Jack Barry, but the young fellow flung them aside and darted out of the open window into the street. The sailors were about to dart away in pursuit of Jack, but the young midshipman kept them back. He drew off his men soon after, and they hastened to search in the taverns along the river front, as they were bound to take the deserter or Jack Barry on board the sloop that night. The old merchant was seated at his desk again, when an old sailor with a large gray beard entered.

"Who is that?" inquired the old man.

"A friend, sir," was the answer. "Give me the keys of the vault."

Mr. Meredith stared at the old fellow in surprise.

"You rascal," he said, as he saw the twinkle in the old fellow's eyes, "you will get into serious trouble yet. Jack Barry, you were born to be hung at the yardarm."

"The mischief a fear, sir," answered the disguised youth. "I just had a drink with the English rogues down at the Black Bear Inn now, and they are looking high and low for Jack Barry. Give me the keys, till I bring up the poor lad."

The old merchant went out to the front door and locked it, securing the windows on the lower floor as well. When he reached his sitting room he found Jack Barry and the young deserter there before him, the former having removed his disguise. The old merchant stared at the young stranger, and he saw that he was weeping bitterly.

"Why are you weeping, my lad?" asked the old merchant, in kindly tones.

"Begob, sir," answered Jack, "there is the queerest thing at all. The lad here is just after telling me that he isn't a lad at all."

"Then what is he?" inquired the old merchant, in amazement.

"Oh, good sir," cried the weeping stranger, as she dropped on her knees before the old merchant and seized his hands, "I am a miserable girl, and I ask your mercy. My dear twin brother is now on board the Petrel as a prisoner in my place, and he will be put to death when he is discovered. Oh, I would that I had died a month ago before I met the wretch!"

"Be calm, my dear," said the old merchant, "and be seated. Some wine and biscuit and don't be a fool."

"To be sure, she won't, sir. Me lad—me gal—don't be crying that way at all, or your heart will be gone. Drink this and make your mind easy, even if you was a mermaid entirely."

And the kind-hearted sailor forced the wine down the weeping creature's throat.

## CHAPTER II.—To Save Her Brother.

The weeping girl's story was soon told, and it was a strange one. Her name was Eva Carroll, she was a native of Jamestown, in Virginia, and she had been abducted from her home by Captain Nixon, of the English sloop Petrel. Eva's only relatives were her aged father, a retired sea captain who was blind and bedridden, and a twin brother. Her brother was serving as an apprentice on board a trading vessel when Captain Nixon first met the sister near her home. The English officer visited the cottage, became acquainted with the old blind sailor, and made violent love to the young girl, who was verging on eighteen. The girl could not listen to the offer of marriage made to her by Captain Nixon, as he was not only double her age, but he was repulsive to her as well. The rascal then conceived the idea of bearing her away in his sloop, and he kept her in close confinement in one of the small apartments near the main cabin, but he treated her otherwise with great courtesy. As the sloop was sailing up the Delaware river, Eva discovered that her twin brother was on board, having been seized at Jamestown by a press-gang. Captain Nixon sought to conciliate the sister by favoring the brother, and he swore to the youth that he bore her away not only for the purpose of making her his lawful wife, but in order to save her from a secret enemy who was then in Virginia in quest of her father.

Early one evening they exchanged garments, and Eva appeared on deck in the gloaming, dressed as a sailor boy with her hair cut close and with her face and hands disfigured with tar. Jasper remained in the cabin, arrayed in his sister's garments. An old sailor, whose name was Caleb Colt, was alone in their confidence. Eva was a good swimmer, and she slipped over into the river at dusk to make for the shore, but she was observed by the watch on deck. Captain Nixon then sent the boat on shore in quest of the young deserter, as he had not yet discovered the deception.

"Oh, good sirs," concluded the weeping girl, "I fear they will kill my brother when he is discovered, but he made me escape."

"Your brother is a good lad, my dear," said the old merchant, "and let us hope that he will also escape."

"He's a trump," added Jack Barry, "and hang me if I don't give him a hand."

The girl seized the young sailor's hand and kissed it fervently.

"Oh, good young man," she sobbed, "if you will help my dear brother, I will never forget you. Captain Nixon is such a cruel tyrant that he will lash him to death when he finds that it is I who escaped."

"May I ask a few questions, young lady?" inquired the old merchant.

"Certainly, sir, as I am so thankful to you both that I feel as if you were old friends."

"We will try to befriend you, my dear. Does Captain Nixon know anything about your father's early life?"



"He does, sir, as he threatened to have him dragged to the gallows for some early crime if I didn't become his wife here in Philadelphia."

"And did your father never tell you about his early life?"

"Never. Poor father is a broken-hearted man, as he never speaks of the past. Oh, he will be crushed altogether now, as he must think that I fled from him willingly."

The old merchant consoled the unhappy girl by telling her that he would shelter and protect her as well as he could, and that he would write to her father at once. He then turned to Jack Barry and inquired:

"Well, madcap, how do you propose to assist the young brother?"

"By going on board the Petrel, sir, and setting him free by hook or by crook."

"Let us first hear what you propose to do, you wild rascal."

Jack clapped on the wig and the false whiskers to strut around the room with all the swagger of an old salt, as he answered:

"I'll just get down to the Black Bear Tavern and ship on board the sloop as a seaman, sir. Then it will go hard if Jack Barry can't see a way of getting the lad on shore here."

"And will you risk so much, brave lad, to save a total stranger?" inquired the tearful young girl.

"Sure it is only fun for me, miss, to humbug the English, and I desire no better sport than to have a tussle with the scoundrel who treated you so shamefully. Take care of her, sir, and I'll away for the frolic."

And the light-hearted lad burst out of the room before the girl or the old merchant could utter other words of warning. Jack Barry swaggered along to the Black Bear Tavern, where several of the sailors from the English sloop were making merry. Among them was Caleb Colt, the old sailor who had befriended Jasper Carroll. Jack soon managed to get into a private confab with the old sailor, and to gain some important information from him. Old Caleb was delighted to hear that the young girl was in a safe place of shelter, but he was terribly troubled about her brother.

"Just think of it, mate," he said to Jack. "I'm blest if the shark hasn't just sent me on shore to find a parson to splice them right off, and he swears he'll hang the lad for desertion if the gal isn't willing to be spliced at once. He, he, he! Did you ever hear of such a lark?"

Jack took the hint at once.

"Are you willing to risk a little to save him, mate?" he asked.

"Risk a little! Blow my heart to bits if I wouldn't give my arm to see him clear of that sloop, and I with him."

"Then you're my man," said Jack, as he grasped the old salt's hand. "Come with me and I'll get you a parson very soon."

About twenty minutes after Jack Barry and the old sailor left the tavern, Captain Nixon was seated in his cabin with the pretended girl. A single swinging lamp alone was burning in the cabin, and Captain Nixon was drinking brandy and water while awaiting the return of Caleb with the parson.

"You are wise, Eva," he said, "to consent to the marriage, as you will be happy as my wife,

and I will promote your brother. What a fool he was to attempt desertion, as he cannot escape!"

"But he is not caught yet."

"What of that? He is skulking in some hole out there, but my men are certain to grab him, and I would have to give him a hundred lashes in the morning if you had not consented. Ha! Here comes the parson now, and be ready for the ceremony."

Captain Nixon advanced to the cabin door to receive old Caleb Colt and a gray-bearded, sanctimonious-looking old gentleman in black garments.

"This is the Reverend Mister Snooks, Captain Nixon," said the old sailor, as he made his bow to the captain.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Snooks. Step in and try some of my good brandy."

"I cannot touch of the liquor until I have performed the duty on which I have been called, Captain Nixon."

The old man spoke in solemn tones, and he cast a sly glance at the pretended girl.

"Brother," continued the parson, "I am here to inform you that a marriage cannot be celebrated, according to the rules of the church, save at the parsonage."

"The thunder you say!" growled Captain Nixon.

"It is the truth, sir. We must conform to the rules of the church. If you and the lady will come to the parsonage with me, I will be pleased to tie the knot, always providing that she is willing."

"Of course she is. Put on your cloak, Eva, and come with us."

"One moment, captain," said the parson. "I must consult in private with the young lady ere we depart to the shore."

"Then consult and be hanged to you!" growled the impatient bridegroom, as he moved to the door, "but be quick about it."

He then moved out after Caleb, leaving the parson alone with the pretended girl. They had to wait on deck about ten minutes before the parson appeared with the young lady.

"We are ready to depart to the parsonage, captain," said the former, in solemn tones. "Good seamen, be careful with the boat, as I cannot swim."

The young lady wore a cloak, the hood of which covered her head. The night was dark and the tide was running out. The little craft was only a few yards from the sloop, when it gave a sudden lurch. A yell of terror burst from the parson and another from the pretended girl as the boat capsized, and out into the stream they all went. The parson clung convulsively to the captain, yelling:

"Save me—save me, good captain, as I cannot swim the least!"

Captain Nixon was struggling in the water.

"Sheer off, you blasted lubber," he cried, "or we will both go down. Save the young lady, you rascals, or I'll flog you all."

Another boat put out from the wharf and pulled for the sloop. Captain Nixon was still making frantic efforts to shake off the parson when they were picked up by the boat from the shore. The other boat put down the stream after the cloak floating on top of the water, lanterns flashing out in the bow. Captain Nixon was spitting the water from his mouth when Midshipman Pease said to him:



"We've nabbed the young deserter, captain."

A deep groan escaped from the parson on hearing the news, and he muttered below his breath:

"Thunder alive, what luck, after the brother got off safe; but I'll save the darling girl yet, or my name is not Jack Barry."

A shout was then heard from the other boat, and Jack groaned in earnest, as he said to himself:

"Bad luck to it all, but they have taken the lad also, yet I'll stick to them."

"They have rescued the young lady," said Captain Nixon, as he scowled at Jack. "You clumsy old lubber, she'll not venture into a small boat with you again."

"Truly, captain," answered Jack, "I would that I were on dry land."

"You'll have to marry us before you leave the sloop to-night, parson, law or no law. Why, midshipman, the prisoner is toggled up as a woman."

"Yes, captain, we nabbed him as he was stealing out of a house up there in those togs."

"Bring him down into the cabin with the parson, and the young lady also."

Eva Carroll was dressed up as an old woman, and she was stealing away from Mr. Meredith's house in that disguise when the sailors pounced on her. Captain Nixon hastened in to his private room to change his wet garments. Before he could put on dry clothes, Midshipman Pease hailed him, crying:

"Captain, I must report that the men in the other boat only succeeded in seizing the lady's cloak, and we fear she's lost."

A sigh of relief escaped from Eva as she realized the situation, feeling assured that her brother had escaped to the shore.

Captain Nixon had hastened up on deck in a frantic humor to send the boat out on the river again in quest of the missing girl, and the two sailors holding Eva withdrew to the door at the parson's request. Midshipman Pease kept a suspicious eye on Jack, and on the disguised girl also. He did not approve of his uncle's actions in dealing with Eva Carroll, as he was secretly in love with the young girl himself, but he dare not oppose him openly.

"Hang that young scamp," said Jack to himself, "as he suspects something."

Jack's sharp eye was still on the young officer, and he appeared to read all that was passing in his mind.

"Did that young rascal make love to you?" he asked Eva.

"Yes, he did, on the sly. He is the captain's nephew, you know."

"Then don't trust him much, if anything happens to me, as he has a bad face."

"I won't, indeed."

Jack rose to his feet just as the two armed sailors advanced from the door. Then into the cabin rushed Captain Nixon, with his sword in hand, to confront Jack.

"You infernal impostor!" he cried. "You are not a clergyman, but a blasted spy, as I am informed, and I will masthead you and flog the life out of you!"

Midshipman Pease darted into the cabin and seized Eva to drag her forth, as he cried:

"I'll secure the deserter, captain. Fear not, Miss Eva, as I know you, and I will save you."

Jack Barry stared at Captain Nixon for a moment, as if astounded at the charge, then he stooped down suddenly and caught the officer by the legs to fling him against the two sailors with tremendous force. The daring fellow then seized a cutlass and darted out of the door to deal the cunning midshipman a blow on the head that stretched him on the deck. The bright girl dropped the loose gown she was wearing over her male attire and sprang up on the bulwarks. Jack was by her side on the instant, having flung aside the wig and false beard.

"No more false colors for me! Tell your captain that I am Jack Barry, and that this lad here is the young lady he wanted to marry to-night. Now we'll sink or swim together, and to thunder with you all!"

Then over into the river and down with the tide they swam together, while all was confusion and dismay on board the sloop-of-war.

### CHAPTER III.—Hopes and Fears.

"Oh, Jack Barry, you hot-headed fool, I knew you would get into serious trouble at last."

"How is that, sir?"

"Because you stole the bride, assaulted the bridegroom on his own ship, knocked the mischief out of two of his sailors, and nearly killed one of his officers with a blow of a cutlass. The scaffold looms up for you, Jack Barry."

It was thus that the old merchant pitched into the hot-headed young sailor on the following night. Jack Barry was again disguised as an old sailor, and they were standing together in the back garden of the old gentleman's country seat out on Broad street.

"And do you blame me, sir?" Jack asked, "for serving the young lady and her brother."

"That isn't the question, Barry. My praise or blame will not avail you in getting out of this fearful scrape. Captain Nixon swears that he will have you hung at once—if he catches you on land or sea."

"I'm not afraid of that, sir."

"But the hue-and-cry is out after you, the English sailors and the police officers of the city are hunting for you, and you will be shot on sight if you resist."

"For all that, sir, with your leave I will sail in the Black Prince to-morrow, and take Jasper Carroll with me also."

"What! The young deserter who escaped from the English sloop last night?"

"Yes, sir. The lad is helpless, and I have taken a fancy to him."

"And to his sister also, I suppose?"

"I won't say that, but she is a sweet girl, and she deserves pity."

"Where are they now, then?"

"They are hiding in a hut in the woods down near the Neck, with that old sailor they call Caleb Colt."

"Yes, and there's that charge against you also. You encouraged the old sailor to desert from the sloop, they say."

"Supposing we bunch the whole charges, Mr.



Meredith, and say that I am in for hanging if they catch me. What then?"

"What do you mean by that, Jack?"

"I mean to ask you, sir, if you propose to give me up as a bad one?"

"Nonsense, Jack! I am not the man to desert a young fellow in a scrape."

"I thought so, and that settles it. I'll sail in your ship to-morrow with the lad and the girl."

Jack Barry won his consent to shipping the deserters on the *Black Prince* under assumed names. Another subject was then broached, and it was of intense interest. The old merchant informed his young favorite that he had stirring news from Boston and other parts of the country, and that the great Revolution was close at hand.

"My dear boy," he said, "we won't stand England's tyranny any longer, and we will strike against the tyrant very soon. Perhaps when you return from England this voyage I will be giving you the command of a small war vessel."

Jack Barry danced with joy at the glorious prospect, and cried:

"By the great powers, but that will be a happy day for me!"

The old merchant and his favorite conversed for some time after; and the disguised sailor then hastened away to arrange with his new friends. Jack Barry was in splendid humor as he swaggered along Walnut street in the old city. The persecuted young girl and her brother were awaiting him in the hut, and the faithful old sailor was with them. Jack had arranged for the escape of the deserters on the following day, as they were to go on board the *Black Prince* disguised as negroes, and they were even then fixed up for the attempt. Eva Carroll was also disguised as a colored girl, and she was to be taken to Mr. Meredith's country house in the morning. Jack Barry turned down the old Second street road, casting a few cautious glances around him. The gallant fellow reached the edge of the wood, and he glanced carefully around again, as he muttered:

"Hang me if I don't smell danger in the air, and I must look sharp. If they nab me, I am a goner."

Shaking off the nervous feeling creeping over him, Jack pushed into the wood and stole toward the hut. The cautious youth peered in at the window of the hut, but could not see any one, and he sent forth a faint whistle. There was no response to the signal, and Jack drew his pistols and cocked them as he pushed in the doorway, saying:

"I'll see what's up, as I can't stand this suspense at all."

"See if you can stand that, then!" hissed a voice at his side. And Jack received a smart blow on the back of the head that sent him reeling into the little hut.

He was a little dazed by the sudden blow, but he wheeled about almost on the instant and fired toward the door, saying:

"You cowardly lubber, show fair fight!"

And Jack received another blow on the head which stretched him senseless. On opening his eyes again, he saw a lantern shining over him, and a human being in the garb of a sailor also.

"We are even now, so far as the blow goes; and do you know me, Jack Barry?"

Jack stared at the speaker.

"Midshipman Pease," he answered.

"Correct, Jack; but you see I am toggged up as a common sailor. I have been on your track all evening, and here you are now in my power."

"What are you driving at?" asked Jack.

"That's the ticket. I like to see a chap come to the point at once, and I'll soon answer you in plain words. I want the young lady."

"You can't have her, youngster," Jack answered, in bold tones.

"Come, now, Jack Barry, have a little reason in you," said the cunning midshipman, in very plausible tones and with a friendly smile. "You are a fine young fellow, and I have taken a liking to you."

"That's more than I have to you, then, by a long shot, Mr. Midshipman."

"But you will like me, I know, when you know me better. Come, Jack Barry, let us strike a bargain."

"What bargain do you offer, youngster?"

"Give me Miss Eva Carroll, or tell me where I can find her, and you are free."

"And what if I refuse?"

"Then I'll have to take you on board the *Petrel*, where Captain Nixon will be certain to flog you within an inch of your life, and string you up on the yardarm after."

"Then take me on board, youngster, as Jack Barry can die, but, hang me, if he will ever turn his back on man or woman!"

#### CHAPTER IV.—As Saucy as Ever.

At the answer he received the young midshipman did not appear to be at all disappointed.

"That's right, Jack Barry," he said. "I like you all the better for sticking to your friends. But let us argue a little."

"Fire ahead, then, with what you have to say; but don't spin a long yarn."

"Will you give me your word of honor to keep a secret, if I confide in you?"

"I will, if the keeping of it don't harm my friends."

"I swear that it won't."

"Then I swear to keep your secret, though I don't trust you at all."

"You'll change your mind about me yet, Jack; but this is the secret. Eva Carroll, as she is now called, is my cousin, and I love her. Captain Nixon is my uncle, but he is an old scoundrel, and I hate him."

"Do you want to marry her, then?"

"Yes, if I can win her love. No, I swear to you, if she refuses me."

"Then, Mister Midshipman, do I understand that you offer me life and freedom if I put you in the way of winning the young lady for yourself while you humbug your uncle?"

"That's the fair, liberal offer I make you, Jack Barry; and I swear to you that I will not trouble you or her brother hereafter. My sole purpose is to baffle my rascally uncle."

"Then you will desert the sloop?"

"I will send in my resignation, of course, and take the young lady to Canada. She will be of age in a few months; and then we can both defy my treacherous uncle."

"Will she be rich, then?" inquired Jack, with a droll smile.



"I confess that she will; but I swear to you that I love her for her own sake, and I'd kill Captain Nixon before I'll allow him to force her into a marriage. What's your answer to my argument, Jack Barry?"

"Here it is, you treacherous young hound!" cried a fierce voice at the window of the hut. "In and secure the pair of them, lads!"

"Betrayed!" Pease cried. "Captain Nixon, I'll not be taken alive."

"Give me a chance with you," cried Jack, as he raised his manacled hands, "and we'll fight to the death for it."

The midshipman bent down and slipped the handcuffs from Jack's wrists, and he was erect again, pistol in hand and facing the door, as three sailors appeared there. Jack sprang to his feet and drew his own pistols. The sailors at the door were armed with cutlasses, but they drew back on being confronted by the midshipman and Jack. They could hear voices outside the hut, but Captain Nixon did not speak aloud. A shrill whistle was soon heard, and then a rough voice cried out:

"The captain is coming to guard the door, and we'll take the mutineer."

"Mutineer!" gasped forth the young midshipman. "Good heavens, I am undone now, if I am taken alive!"

"Stand to me," answered Jack Barry, "and you won't be taken alive or dead, either. He was listening at the window, and you are undone, anyway. Be a man, and fight it now."

Then Jack Barry dashed suddenly out of the hut, felling two sailors with his huge pistols, and seizing one of their cutlasses in his flight. Alfred Pease was close behind Jack in the dash, and the desperate midshipman struck down the third sailor.

"Ahoy there, lads of the Petrel! To the rescue! Down with the mutineers! Pursue the dogs and take them!" shouted Captain Nixon.

And he ran along in pursuit as he yelled. Up from the beach dashed nine or ten sailors, all armed with cutlasses and pistols. Jack Barry drew back on gaining the field outside the wood, as Alfred Pease was not able to keep up with him.

"Press on all sail, lad," said Jack, "and we'll not have to fight for it. They are pressing on us now."

They crossed a road up from the river, and then darted into another road. Jack and his new friend pressed on through the wood, keeping along the line of the river.

"Do you know, youngster," said Jack, "but a notion has struck me."

"What is it, Jack?"

"Let us into this river path, and work back to secure their boat, as I know just the spot they landed."

"Lead on and I am with you, Jack. Save yourself, if it comes to the worst, and take care of Eva."

The young fugitives made for the river path, and then turned up, while their pursuers pressed on after them. Jack could see a large boat at a little landing, and he dragged his companion along, as he said:

"Another spurt now, and the boat is ours; but look to the pistols."

They gained the boat and pushed it out into the

stream. Jack Barry was the first to get his oars out, and he was rowing when Captain Nixon and the sailors ran down to the landing.

"Give the traitors a volley!" cried the enraged officer, as he fired his second pistol.

The midshipman was pulling at the time, and he gave a cry of pain and dropped the oars as he fell forward.

"Look to Eva, Jack," he gasped. "I am done for now."

Jack Barry plied the oars with intense vigor, and the boat shot out into the stream. When they were out of range, the faithful fellow rested the oars and sprang to aid his new friend; but he paused a moment before bending down and shook his clenched fist at those on shore as he yelled:

"Captain Nixon, it was you who shot your own nephew. If he dies, I'll have your life for his, and don't forget that it is Jack Barry who tells you so!"

## CHAPTER V.—Another Spy at Work.

More than one spy was after young Jack Barry and his friends that day. When the daring lad sprang out of the sloop with Eva, Captain Nixon had not quite recovered from the shock he had received when Jack hurled him against the sailors. A boat was put out in search of the fugitives, but Captain Nixon was not satisfied with that effort only. Calling on a young fellow named Bill Crane, who was acting as a powder monkey, the officer gave him certain instructions, and sent him on shore on a spying mission. Bill Crane was a natural-born spy, and he was attached to his captain out of self-interest. The young spy spent the night in prowling around the taverns along the river side, but he did not see much to benefit himself or his rascally master. While prowling around a tavern he saw an old negro entering there, and he soon recognized the old fellow as Caleb Colt. Bill Crane was then disguised as one of the old toughs of that time. He soon saw the old salt leaving the tavern with a parcel of provisions, and he hastened after him, only to track him down to the little hut in the wood.

When Bill Crane reached the hut, he saw two young negroes with Caleb Colt, and he soon recognized them as Jasper and Eva Carroll, who were dressed in male costume. While still spying around the hut, the young rascal saw another old sailor approaching, who turned out to be Jack Barry in disguise.

"We've got them all safe now," muttered Bill, as he stole away to report to his captain.

Soon after nightfall that evening Captain Nixon put out from the sloop in the yawl with over a dozen armed men. The spy was with them. Old Caleb Colt was very uneasy that night, and he could not rest in the hut. While taking a stroll down to the riverside, the old salt perceived a large boat bearing down, and he watched it from a hiding-place. He then discovered that his enemies were coming for them, and he made all haste back to the hut to warn the young folks. Then the order of the night was flight; and Caleb and his young friends left the hut to make their way down the riverside. They found shelter in an old building which had been used as a mill;



and then Eva remembered that Jack Barry was liable to fall into a trap. The old sailor volunteered to hasten back to warn Jack, and he cautioned the young folks against venturing forth from their shelter until he returned. On reaching the landing, Captain Nixon took three of the sailors and the spy with him to surprise those in the hut. Bill Crane stole on ahead, and he was soon peering in at the little window. He was surprised on seeing Jack Barry lying on the floor, with Midshipman Pease standing over him, but he soon became aware of the young officer's treachery, and he warned Captain Nixon of the turn of affairs. That enraged officer stole to the window to spy for himself, when he heard his nephew plotting with Jack Barry. While Captain Nixon was standing at the window Bill Crane slipped into the wood in search of old Caleb and the young folks.

The young rascal moved about like one trained to Indian warfare, and he soon spied old Caleb watching the hut. The spy then set himself to watch the old sailor in turn, and he kept on his track when Jack and the midshipman darted away in full flight. Old Caleb then kept on after the sailors, and Bill Crane kept on after him. The old salt saw Jack pushing out in the boat with the wounded midshipman, and watched it until he saw Jack seizing the oars again to row down the river. The sailors remained at the landing with their enraged captain, as if uncertain what to do. Old Caleb Colt ran along the riverside on a line with the boat, looking back now and then to see that he was not pursued. On reaching the old mill, and believing that their enemies were going the other way toward the city, Caleb hailed the boat and called on Jack Barry to land. Jack obeyed, as he was delighted to see the old fellow again.

Midshipman Pease had received an ugly wound in the left breast, but he was not helpless. They managed to get him on shore and into the old mill. And Caleb Colt hastened to dress the ugly wound.

"It is well we have the boat," said Jack Barry, "as we can push up to my ship now, and we'll be all safe there until morning."

"To be sure," answered the old sailor, "as the midshipman wants nursing badly. What in thunder is that?"

A rush of feet was heard, together with the clashing of arms, and Captain Nixon and the sailors suddenly appeared before them, led on by a spy.

"Cover them, lads!" cried the jubilant officer, "and fire when I give the word: but don't aim at the young lady. Surrender, you dogs or we'll show you no mercy!"

## CHAPTER VI.—Gallant Jack's Luck.

One of the foremost sailors carried a lantern, and Jack aimed at the light. His aim was good, as the bullet struck the lantern and shattered it, the light going out after one fitful flash. It was very dark in the old building, and Jack Barry and his friends were at the farther end of it, with Eva crouching behind her protectors. Six or seven of the sailors advanced in the dark-

ness with Captain Nixon, the cunning spy retreating to the door with three others.

"Surrender, you rascals, or we'll show you no mercy!" cried the officer. "Eva, if you do not come to me willingly, your father will perish on the scaffold."

There was no answer to the demand, and the sailors advanced cautiously, some of them stumbling over the rough flooring. Jack stood in front of his friends, and facing his foes, as the latter advanced. The reckless youth still retained the cutlass he had secured in the former struggle, and he held it before him, as if to fell the first of the foe. The fugitives scarcely breathed as their foes advanced on them, and Jack could hear the shuffling of the feet drawing closer and closer.

"The rascals must have slipped out somehow," cried Captain Nixon. "Look sharp out there, you Bill Crane!"

At that instant Jack Barry felt a poke at his weapon.

"We've got them!" cried the sailor, whose cutlass had touched Jack's.

"So you have!" cried Jack, as he struck out in front of him. "Fight like tigers, my brave boys, and no surrender."

The dashing fellow cleared a way before him by knocking down two of the sailors in front, and he made for the door. Young Jasper Carroll was close behind him, and the young deserter used a heavy club with good effect as he followed his friend. The desperate midshipman could not strike out, but he followed with nimble steps, and close after him was Eva. The brave girl pushed on after her friends, all moving in single file, while old Caleb Colt was in the rear, and striking to the right and left with the large pistol he had secured.

"Guard the door!" yelled Captain Nixon, as he used his sword at random.

The order was given too late, as Jack Barry had then gained the opening. One of the sailors was running back from the side of the old building when Jack met him, knocked the cutlass from his grasp, and sent him reeling to the ground.

"On to the wood with us now!" cried the daring rogue, as he fell back to guard Eva. "Push on, midshipman, and we'll cover the retreat."

Jack Barry and his friends gained the wood, when the midshipman drew up, gasping forth:

"I'm done for, Jack Barry. Miss Eva, go on with your brother and escape from the scoundrel."

"Nonsense!" answered Jack, as he grasped the wounded lad's arm. "Bear a hand, old fellow, and we'll take him along. I feel that I am in luck to-night, and we'll all get away."

After traveling a short distance, Jack said to his friends:

"What do you say, lads, if we steer for the boat again?"

"A good move," answered the old salt; "and we can do it by skirting up here and then steering a bold course for the shore. But there's certain to be some of them there."

On reaching a certain point, old Caleb led the way out of the wood, and they all made a dash for the riverside. The wounded midshipman made a last effort, and he did not lag behind.



Two sailors only were guarding the boat as the fugitives dashed at it.

"Who comes there?" demanded one of the sailors, as he presented his cutlass.

"Jack Barry and friends!" cried the daring young leader, as he sprang at the sailors with his cutlass, "and down you go!"

The two sailors were soon overpowered and flung on shore; and all the fugitives hastened into the boat, the wounded midshipman falling senseless in the stern. Then the boat put off. And gallant Jack had luck on his side that night.

Under his guidance Eva Carroll was able to reach Mr. Meredith's country house, where she assumed another disguise. The wounded midshipman was also placed in a safe hiding-place on shore. The old salt and Jasper Carroll were received on board the *Black Prince* and stowed away in a private locker. Captain Nixon and a strong force of sailors boarded the merchant vessel early on the following morning, when they were received by the first mate, who was a rough, gray-bearded old sailor. The old mate led them through every portion of the vessel they sought to search in, assuring Captain Nixon that neither Jack Barry nor the deserters were on board.

"I never want to set eyes on that rascal again, captain," said the old man, "and I expect to hear of his being strung up when we return."

"You may swear that I'll string him up," answered the baffled officer, "and I'll find him if I had to follow him into the back woods."

The *Black Prince* sailed down the river that day; and the old mate worked away with his crew until they reached the Delaware Breakwater on the following evening. Then Jack Barry flung off his disguise. The *Black Prince* reached London in safety, and Jack Barry was acting as first mate. The good ship was delayed on the return voyage; and when she did put into Philadelphia all was excitement in that city. And so it was all over the country. Bunker Hill had told its story; the Minute Men were arriving at all points; English cruisers were playing havoc along the American coast; and Yankee privateers were fitting out.

Captain Nixon of the *Petrel* was still stationed on the Delaware River when the war broke out, but he took his sloop down the bay soon after, and sailed to Jamestown, in the hope of capturing Eva Carroll's father. Jack Barry and his friends were compelled to remain idle for some months, as the river was frozen over, but they were on the alert in early spring, when the patriotic old merchant fitted out two small vessels as warships. In the meantime Eva Carroll started down to Virginia to find her father, Mr. Meredith supplying her with funds. Bill Crane remained in Philadelphia to spy on Midshipman Pease and Jack Barry, and he had his hands full for the time.

## CHAPTER VII.—Jack Afloat Again.

One evening in early spring a small sloop sailed down the Delaware River and came to anchor in a creek above Wilmington. Several English warships were then cruising along the coast and up the river, destroying American traders, attacking towns and villages and playing the mischief in general. Captain Nixon still com-

manded the *Petrel*, and he was one of the most relentless enemies the Americans had to deal with. The English officer had failed in finding Eva's father at Jamestown, but he had received information that the blind old sailor was making his way toward Philadelphia by land, accompanied by a negro lad. Jack Barry was afloat with his friends in the sloop mentioned, and he also swore that he would meet his enemy ere long.

The sloop carried only one long gun and a six-pounder; but Jack Barry had fifty rattling sailors under him, armed with pistols, muskets, and cutlasses. Before reaching Wilmington that evening, he received two important items of news from friends and a spy on shore. He did intend to sail on down the river that night, but the news thus received caused him to push into the creek.

"We must take the *Petrel* and destroy her," he said to his officers, "before we can venture down the river."

Jasper Carroll and old Caleb Colt were sent into Wilmington in search of Eva and her father, and they returned about nine o'clock to report that the old blind man was too weak to proceed on the journey, while his devoted daughter would not desert him. Captain Nixon would not venture to pass the American fort below the city, but he could send a raiding party on shore to capture the old invalid and his daughter.

"Where is your father stopping now?" asked Jack Barry.

"At a tavern below the city; and it will be death to him to move."

After consulting with some friends on shore, the young captain made down the river in small boats, keeping close to the right bank. Jasper Carroll and old Caleb returned to the tavern to keep watch. The old fugitive was disguised as an old woman, and his devoted daughter appeared as a colored boy. Soon after ten o'clock that night an old sailor appeared at the tavern, which was called the Blue Hen's Chicken, and he soon gave out that he had just deserted from the English sloop-of-war. That old sailor was Captain Nixon's spy, Bill Crane, and he was on the lookout for Eva and her father.

When Jasper Carroll and old Caleb returned to the tavern, the old blind invalid was sound asleep, and Eva was watching over him. The spy had just left, having made an important discovery. Captain Nixon landed below the fort, under cover of the darkness, with over thirty armed men, and they awaited the spy in a small wood. When the spy made his report, Captain Nixon was delighted, and he set his men in motion in twos and threes, saying:

"Make for the tavern and await my signal to rush in."

And they all stole away, led on by the spy.

Jasper was then watching over his father with Eva, and the old sailor was keeping guard outside, while the tavern was almost deserted. The tavern keeper was about to close up for the night when two strangers entered. One of them was Bill Crane and the other was Captain Nixon, both dressed as common sailors in the merchant service.

"I hear you have a sick old woman stopping here," said the officer.

"Yes, we have," answered the tavern keeper, "and I reckon she won't live till morning."



"I'd like to see her, as I think she's a friend of mine."

"Then come this way."

Jasper and his sister were sitting at their father's bedside when the landlord opened the door, saying:

"Here's a stranger as says he's a friend of yours, young fellows."

Captain Nixon cast one glance only on the invalid, when he turned and presented a pistol at Jasper, as he cried:

"Hands up, youngster, as you are my prisoner now. Give the signal, Bill, as we've got them fast this trip."

The spy gave the signal, and the English sailors flocked into the tavern. Another signal was then heard outside. A cry of terror escaped from Eva as she recognized the wretch who was hunting her father down, while she cried:

"Oh, misery, they will not let my poor father die in peace!"

"He is dead now," said Jasper, grasping his father's hand. "Captain Nixon, you hunted him to death, but I am alive yet, and I will pay you for your vile work. My father was an innocent man and you knew it."

"That is all bosh!" cried the plotting rascal, "and I don't believe he's dead. My lads, help yourselves here, and bring these youngsters along with us. Set fire to all the buildings near, and give the Yankees something to remember us."

The tavern was plundered in short order, the English sailors working as if out on a big spree, and taking good care not to cry out as if enemies. Having placed the girl and her brother in charge of his men, Captain Nixon hastened back to the bedroom. The old blind invalid had disappeared suddenly. The tavern was then set on fire.

Up to that time the tavern keeper did not suspect that he had to deal with English enemies from the sloop-of-war, but the alarm was raised when other buildings around were served in a similar manner. Captain Nixon was fearfully enraged at the mysterious escape of the old blind man and the prisoners were rejoiced. They were hurried along the road at the first alarm, and they soon reached the creek, where the English had left their boats in charge of a small party of sailors from the sloop. Exclamations of surprise escaped from Captain Nixon on perceiving that the boats had disappeared with his men.

"What can this mean?" he cried, as he stared along the creek.

He then felt certain that Americans had seized his boats, and he could only signal to the sloop for aid. On reaching a point near the turn of the river, and from whence they could signal to the sloop, the English captain and his men heard warlike cries from the water, and they were then aware that their ship was attacked.

"Thunder and furies!" cried the enraged captain, "the Yankees are attacking the sloop, and I not on board to defend it!"

Jasper and old Caleb were hastening to the tavern along the road, Captain Barry pushed down to the town in his boats and landed at a dock. He was soon reinforced by about forty gallant men from the place, making about eighty in all to attack the sloop. On reaching the creek where Captain Nixon had left his boats, the keen-eyed young sailor perceived three or four of the English seamen lounging around, and he detected their boats soon after. Calling on those behind him to keep silent, and suspecting who the strangers were, Jack Barry made up his mind to capture them. He then landed a small force above the creek, and the Americans stole on the English and captured them with little resistance.

From some words dropped by the prisoners, as well as the boats used, the young captain judged that Captain Nixon was on shore with a strong party. One of the prisoners was a native of Maine, who had been impressed into the English service, and he was only too glad to give information to the Americans. The other prisoners were sent to the fort; and Captain Barry pushed on down the river with the English boats. They were not noticed by the English on board the sloop until they pushed out from the bank, and even then the officer in command at the time believed them to be his own friends returning with prisoners. Yet he was on the alert, as the Americans along the river were becoming active and dangerous in retaliating.

"Who comes there?" cried the English officer, as the boats neared the sloop.

"Give way, lads, and gain the deck before they can use their big guns," said Barry to his men in the foremost boat.

Then the boats pushed ahead and soon coming alongside the sloop, the men boarded the vessel. The struggle was short and decisive, but the Americans were soon in possession of the vessel. Captain Barry and his men plundered the sloop in all haste, set fire to her in several places, pushed the prisoners into the boats, and then beat a retreat, with the loss of only two men. When Captain Barry landed with his men and heard of the attack on the tavern, he cried:

"Old Caleb Colt is not asleep, and we will soon hear from him. Press on down the road here, and we'll have a crack at the rascals before the other boats can land for them."

The Americans pressed on down the road after Captain Nixon, who was signalling to the frigate and raving like a madman at the loss of his own sloop. The frigate's boats were putting in below the creek, and Captain Nixon and his men awaited them on the bank of the river. Captain Barry had just crossed the creek at the head of his men when old Caleb appeared before him, crying:

"They've got the gal and the lad, Captain Barry, but we saved the old blind man."

"Then push on, lads, and we'll save the youngsters also, as I feel in my bones that I'll get a crack at their enemy to-night."

## CHAPTER VIII.—How Jack Worked It.

On starting out from his own sloop that night, Captain Jack Barry did not imagine that Captain Nixon would land so large a force for the purpose of taking Eva and her blind father. While

## CHAPTER IX.—Saucy Jack Keeps It Up.

Captain Nixon was in a fever of rage and excitement when he heard the conflict going on on his own vessel, while he was powerless to take part in it. He was now in a fearful frame of



mind, and he turned on Jasper Carroll, as he asked:

"Did you know, you young rascal, that there was to be an attack on my sloop?"

"Certainly I did," was the candid answer.

"What scoundrel of a Yankee planned and led the attack?"

"The young sailor you know as Jack Barry. He rescued my sister from your clutches before, you tyrant, and he will do it again."

"Silence, you young renegade, or I will have you flogged before you are hung."

Jasper was desperate over the supposed death of his blind father, and he fearlessly retorted:

"I am not a renegade, as I was born in America, and I despise you and your tyrant flag. You can kill me but once; and Captain Jack Barry will avenge me."

Some of the English boats were then moving in to the right bank, and Captain Nixon hailed the officer in charge. He was so mortified that he could not give a clear account of himself and his men, and he only said that they were on shore on a raid for provisions when the sloop-of-war was attacked by an overwhelming force of Yankees. The English on shore embarked in the boats from the frigate, taking their two prisoners with them, just as Jack Barry and his friends appeared along the road in pursuit. The Yankees did not care to fire on the retreating boats, fearing to hit the young girl, and the struggle was over—for the time. Captain Nixon was soon in deep consultation with the commander of the frigate, whose name was Dawson, and Eva was soon after introduced into the cabin. A careful lookout was kept in the meantime, as the English feared another attack during the night. In order to retrieve his honor a little for the loss of his sloop, Captain Nixon proposed an attack on Wilmington by land.

Bill Crane had remained on shore to spy, and he soon returned with the news that the small Yankee privateer commanded by Jack Barry was lying in the creek above the city. It was then proposed to land a strong force from the frigate, and while some of the sailors were making a show to attack the fort and the suburbs, a strong body under Captain Nixon could move around to the creek and destroy the privateer. And the movement was made with great spirit. Jack Barry was in a restless frame of mind when he found that the young lady and her brother were taken on board the frigate. And so was Alfred Pease. After consulting for some time, Jack hit on a very daring plan of action. They both went around among the English prisoners taken that night and selected two old fellows to study from. Each of the old salts was known to the former midshipman, who rigged up Jack and himself to represent them. They then started out in their disguises. On reaching a point near the frigate, the daring young men plunged into the river and swam out toward her. Just as Jack was about to hail the ship he noticed several sailors moving quietly down to the boats at her side, and he caught his companion by the arm as he whispered:

"Dive quietly and turn back to shore on your life, Alf, as they are up to some bold stroke that we must block."

They were both excellent swimmers, and they

soon reached the bank again without attracting any attention.

"They are going to attack the fort to rescue the prisoners," said Alfred.

"Then you steer straight back to warn the boys," responded Jack, "and I'll watch here from under the bank a while."

Alf Pease started away to give a silent alarm, and Jack waited to play the spy. The daring fellow used his ears as well as his eyes, and he soon learned that the principal object of the expedition was to capture his own sloop and crew.

While the English were busy in forming and setting out for the attacks Jack slipped out of his hiding-place and made for the little city. The patriots, being warned by Alfred Pease, were on the alert, and they were prepared to give the enemy a warm reception. Collecting his own men and some brave fishermen, Jack hastened to his own little sloop, which was called the Firefly. The little vessel moved silently out of the creek and over to the Jersey shore with boats ahead towing her. As they glided along opposite the fort, a rattling of musketry could be heard on the outskirts, and Jack said to Paul Jones:

"The boys are giving it to them over there now, and we'll soon be at it."

"Would it not be best," responded Paul Jones, "to secure their boats before we attack the frigate?"

"Right you are, my boy. You take the yawl with twenty of the lads, and away for the boats, while we keep on down. No, no! Come to think of it, Pease knows the spot where the boats are, and I'll send him. We'll have at the frigate at the same time."

The orders for the advance were given, Alfred Pease pushed off to attack the boats of the enemy, and the sloop kept on to strike the frigate. In the meantime it was evident, from the sounds on shore, that the English were catching it on the outskirts. The Yankee sloop still kept close in on the Jersey shore, and it was not noticed by the enemy. When the Firefly was below the frigate the privateers on board could hear the sounds of a conflict below, followed by signal rockets from the English on shore. Leaving only four men on the little sloop, Captain Jack Barry and his gallant crew moved out from the Jersey coast in the boats, all steering for the frigate.

## CHAPTER X.—A Drawn Battle.

Up to that point gallant Jack Barry's plans worked admirably. Being warned by Alfred Pease, the minute men assembled in force to defend their homes, and the trouble was that they opened on the advancing enemy too soon. The privateers in the large yawl were making a dash for the boats at the same time. Then it was a race for it. The Yankee boatmen hoped to surprise the English guarding the boats, but the latter were on the alert and opened fire. They sent up signals to the frigate also. Pease and his daring sailors returned the fire, and made a dash for the boats without knowing that the retreating enemies were so close, although they could hear the shots of the patriot pursuers.

The frigate was then sending up rockets and signals and firing at the fort. By the glare of



the rockets the English on the ship perceived Captain Jack Barry's boats advancing from the Jersey shore, and a hot fire was directed against them. The same light showed the privateers that their yawl was pushing out into the stream, with the English boats following, as if in pursuit of their friends. Jack Barry saw that the bold game was up for that night, and he ordered a retreat to the little sloop. On reaching the deck, Jack Barry fired his large gun in defiance and hoisted sail to put down the river. The frigate pursued a short distance only, as Captain Dawson had to look to the large party still on shore under Captain Nixon.

Gallant Jack Barry was a regular dare-devil in action, yet he had sound common sense in his calmer moments. The sloop had been fitted by his old friends for the purpose of retaliating on the English by attacking their merchant ships, and he felt that he had no right to risk capture by attempting almost impossible adventures. Having weighed the whole matter over in his mind, the good-hearted young sailor addressed young Pease, saying:

"My boy, I'd give two fingers off my right hand to rescue our friends, but, hang me, if I can see any way to do it now. If we had the night before us again I'd try the game we proposed."

"Would you consent to let me try it alone, captain?"

"I can't. When daylight comes the frigate will put down after us, and we'll be very lucky if we don't find other dogs barking in our way also. I know you'd be willing to die for the girl, but we can't help her just now."

After consulting with Paul Jones, who was always ready for daring adventures, it was decided to put into another creek lower down before daylight, and to send messengers into Wilmington to find out about Captain Nixon and his party. Jack Barry selected old Caleb Colt and Alfred Pease as the messengers, and he also concluded to try his own hand in the venture, as he was a restless being. After resting a few hours, the three friends started out from the sloop disguised as old farmers. They reached the city about nine o'clock in the morning, when they could perceive the English frigate at anchor some distance below the fort. The patriots in the town had not seen anything of Captain Nixon's party, and they concluded that they must have escaped to the frigate by seizing boats in the upper creek. Volunteers were then called for, and Jack Barry mustered over fifty armed men to go out in search of the English. The destruction of the English sloop-of-war made a hero of the young captain, and he was highly praised on all sides. Before Captain Jack started out with his friends an Irish sailor, who had deserted from the English frigate that morning, gave him important information. Captain Dawson and his party had not yet returned to the frigate. Alfred Pease was held as a prisoner, and he was not to be tried until Captain Nixon's return. On leaving the frigate on the previous night Captain Nixon had taken the young negro lad with him as a prisoner, and it was rumored on board that the black boy was a young lady in disguise. Taking the Irish sailor with them, the party set out toward the creek. The deserter also reported that

and that the frigate would remain below Wilmington until he was heard from. On reaching the creek, a trace of the English was discovered. An old negro reported that while out hunting on the previous night he had noticed a party of sailors marching along on the road to Philadelphia, and that two of them were riding horses.

"We'll push along the road, then," said Captain Jack, "and I'll wager we're on the trail."

#### CHAPTER XI.—Captain Nixon's Bold Move.

When Captain Nixon left the English boats that night he had over sixty able seamen under his command. And he did take Eva along as a prisoner, the young girl being still disguised as a negro. Captain Nixon was in a desperate frame of mind over the loss of his vessel, and he mentally swore that he would not return to the frigate or to active, open service in the English navy until he had performed some deed of valor that would serve to wipe out his disgrace. While marching to the creek, the English captured two good horses at a farmhouse, which they plundered as well. Eva was placed on one of the horses, and Captain Nixon mounted the other to ride by her side. The spy led the way to the creek by lonely paths, hoping to surprise the privateers.

Captain Nixon was somewhat disappointed on finding that the sloop had disappeared from the creek, but he consoled himself that the privateers had sailed up the river to Philadelphia again. On finding that the privateer had slipped away, the desperate man marched his men along the high road leading to Philadelphia. The ruthless sailors plundered along the road, stealing horses wherever they could find them, and then moving away as if they had just landed from a ship in the river. Captain Nixon in the meantime had formed a bold project, and he consulted with Bill Crane on the subject. He proposed to push on to a wood below Philadelphia to rest in the shelter during the day and then to make a dashing raid on the American vessels along the lower wharfs early in the night. The cunning spy approved of the project and made some suggestions. Having settled on the plan of action, the sailors trotted along, the spy leading them by side roads and unfrequented paths. Night was approaching, and the darkness was spreading over the wood. Captain Nixon was gazing with exultation at his victims, when he was startled by hearing a shot in the direction of the road. A sailor then rushed along through the trees, crying:

"The Yankees are on us, Captain Nixon, and they are led on by that young dare-devil who calls himself gallant Jack Barry."

Yes, gallant Jack Barry was then hastening to encounter his foes. When Jack heard about the old blind man's capture he pushed on with vigor. He met the English and defeated them, they retreating. Eva and her father were still prisoners in the hands of the English. Bill Crane had taken them away in a carriage while the attack was on. Soon Captain Nixon joined him with the retreating English troops.

In the meantime Jack Barry and his lads were in close pursuit. Captain Nixon, realizing that it



would be impossible to escape with the prisoners without a struggle, he ordered the carriage to take a by-path through some woods, leaving the troops to take care of themselves. The spy and Captain Nixon accompanied the carriage to the shore, when the prisoners were ordered to leave the carriage and enter a large sailboat which had been seen moored close by, and put off.

Jack Barry and his force entered the woods, but lost the trail in the darkness, and after capturing several of the English sailors, set out for the privateer, which they reached late that night, where they found Jasper Carroll, who stated that Eva and her father were on board the English frigate.

The next morning an old fellow came on board the privateer, who said he was a deserter from the frigate and asked to join Jack Barry's lads. Now, this old man was no other than Bill Crane in disguise, and it was not long before Barry and Paul Jones recognized him. But they let him alone, determined to find out what he was up to. About nine o'clock Captain Barry sent a strong force under Paul Jones ashore to help his friends there in case of an attack. Pretty soon Captain Barry detected the spy in the act of dropping something overboard. After some time there was a loud explosion heard at the mouth of the creek.

Then over from the Jersey side dashed three boats with muffled oars. The guns of the frigate were firing upon the fort meanwhile. Jack Barry then ordered two of the privateers to seize the disguised spy and place him in the lock-up. Just then the boats from the frigate were seen close by, and Captain Barry ordered them fired upon.

Captain Nixon commanded the expedition sent out from the frigate to capture the Yankee privateer, and he was certain of success as they pulled up the silent creek. Then how fearful must have been the effect of the sudden awakening, when big and little guns belched forth suddenly to dispel the pleasant dream! Fully half of the English in the boat were either killed or seriously wounded at the first fire; and then several of the survivors found themselves floundering in the creek from one of the boats, which had been swamped.

Captain Nixon called on those surviving in the two boats to put back, but the oars were scarcely plied when the privateers were on them, Jack Barry crying:

"Hallo, Captain Nixon! Speak out if you are alive!"

There was no answer, and Jack continued:

"Don't be afraid we'll eat you, though you richly deserve it. Search for him, boys, and flash out the lanterns."

The lanterns were flashed out and search was made in the two boats, but Captain Nixon could not be found. All those in the water were rescued, the wounded were cared for, and the privateers put back to the sloop.

"Now, boys," cried Captain Barry, "secure the prisoners below, serve out one round of grog, and then for a little more fighting and fun. Bring up that old rogue who joined us to-night, as I want a word with him at once."

Two of the men hastened down after the disguised spy, and they returned, with glaring eyes, to report that he had escaped.

"The irons are filed away, captain," answered one of the men, "and he's slipped off somehow or another."

"Then, by thunder, we must strike like lightning. To the boats, lads!"

Leaving only a small force on board the sloop, the privateers rowed down the creek in three boats. While the frigate must be short-handed after the loss of so many men, yet there were more than enough on board to man the big guns, and to work them on the privateer's boats with deadly effect. The young captain meditated over the matter as the boats pulled rapidly down to the mouth of the creek. The disappearance of Captain Nixon and the escape of the old spy worried him.

"Can it be," Jack asked himself, "that we have a traitor among us? It can't be, as they are all true grit, and it is a shame for one to have suspicions of them. The old rascal had a file hidden about him, and he escaped through his own exertions."

And the generous-minded young sailor was correct in his conclusions. Bill Crane was prepared for arrest on suspicion when he boarded the privateer; and he was not five minutes alone when he drew forth a small sharp file and commenced working on the manacles. He succeeded in freeing himself a short time before the English boats were attacked, and he managed to get on deck just as Jack Barry was hastening to complete his victory. The spy then slipped on shore and hastened along the upper bank, keeping well in shelter, until he was down near the mouth of the creek. He could then perceive the frigate moving down the river. Before leaving the sloop, Bill Crane had seen and heard enough to know that Captain Nixon had met with another disastrous defeat.

"I'm in a scrape now, as they say on board that I betrayed my old captain."

"And so you did, you treacherous dog!" hissed a voice behind him. "And I'll have your life for it."

And the spy received a blow of a pistol on the back of the head that caused him to fall forward. Although a little stunned, he knew on the instant that his assailant was Captain Nixon, and he gasped out:

"Captain, you wrong me. That infernal Jack Barry detected me."

The spy was then stretched on the ground, and Captain Nixon bent over him with large pistol uplifted.

"Look at the irons yet on my legs," Bill Crane continued.

Captain Nixon had sense enough to know, even in that moment of misery, that his spy had been playing a very difficult part in striving to cope with Jack Barry, and he relented.

"I believe I have wronged you, Crane," he said, "but I am distracted. That fiend of a Yankee has baffled me again, and I believe I'm the only one to escape from the boats."

The spy then went on to explain that the privateers were about to start out to surprise the frigate.

"Let us swim out to her," he continued, "and we will warn Captain Dawson. Cheer up, captain, and you will have your revenge yet on that Jack Barry."



The two worthies then swam out to the frigate, and one may well imagine Captain Nixon's feelings on facing his naval friend again with the disastrous tidings. Yet there was a strong hope of gaining vengeance ere long, and the two English officers set silently to work to give their victorious enemies a fearful defeat. Jack Barry was on the alert in the meanwhile, more especially when he perceived the frigate moving down the river. Jack reflected seriously on all his chances, and resolved to act cautiously, even while so anxious to capture the frigate. Yet how was he to ascertain the state of affairs on board the enemy? There was only one way, without risking a fearful defeat, and that was by sending a spy on board. But who could he send?

"Not one of my brave lads," he muttered, "but I'll try it myself."

The frigate was then lying at anchor a little above the mouth of the creek, but well out in the river, so that her guns could play on the expected enemy. Soon after that a rough sailor of fifty or thereabouts left the sloop and made up toward Wilmington. That rough sailor was Jack Barry in disguise, and he was about to enter on the most perilous adventure of his life.

## CHAPTER XII.—Jack in a Fix.

All was suspense on board the frigate. Poor Eva Carroll and her blind father were in tortures, as death stared one in the face, and a hateful marriage the other. Eva had washed the black stuff from her face, but she was compelled to retain the male attire, as no female garments could be procured on the frigate. Cuffy was a cabin boy on the frigate, and he served Eva with meals and with all the news as well. He told her about the expedition setting out against the privateer, of the return of Captain Nixon and Bill Crane, and of the watch then held for an attack by the privateers. Just then a hail came from the stern of the ship, and a voice from the water answered, saying:

"Ship ahoy! I am Tom Wolfe, and I escaped from the Yankees!"

A rope was flung out, and Tom was pulled on board. He was soon in the presence of the officer of the frigate and Captain Nixon, when he hastened to spin his yarn. Tom Wolfe stated that he was one of those in the swamped boat as the Yankees came to them up the creek, and that he escaped to hide in the wood. He then waited his chance to swim out to the frigate. The interview was held on the forward deck, and Bill Crane passed along at the moment. As may be supposed, the pretended Tom Wolfe was no other than Jack Barry, and he had seen enough to know that the English were on the alert. His only course then, after seeing Captain Nixon, was to get back to his friends in the creek as soon as possible. Jack was making his way toward the forecabin when Bill Crane stepped up in front of him and demanded:

"What did you say your name was?"

"You ought to know me, Bill Crane; and what's the matter with you?"

The English spy held a heavy pistol behind his back, and he dealt Jack a sudden blow on the head with it as he cried:

"I do know you; and there's tit for tat, you infernal rascal!"

The blow was a hard one, and it felled Jack to the deck. Captain Nixon saw the incident, and he ran at his young spy, crying:

"What did you do that for, you rascal?"

"Grab him, captain," was Bill Crane's answer, "and I'll soon tell you. Thunder, ain't I got a surprise for you!"

Jack Barry was recovering from the effects of the blow when he found himself seized by several hands. Captain Dawson soon appeared on the scene, when Bill Crane said to him:

"Captain, this fellow is not Tom Wolfe at all, but a spy from the privateers, as I can prove."

"Then drag him into the cabin."

Jack's disguise was so perfect that when he was dragged into the light of the cabin one of the sailors cried:

"Why, this is Tom Wolfe, and what's wrong with him, captain?"

Jack was playing possum.

"I'll show what's wrong," answered Crane, as he bent down and tore away the false beard. "Who is he, Captain Nixon?"

"May I be hanged if it isn't Jack Barry himself!"

"You don't say so!" cried the other captain. "Guard the door, men, and bind the rascal before he recovers. Give the word on deck to keep a sharp lookout. The scoundrel humbugged me on the dark deck."

"And he's trying to humbug us now by playing dead," said Bill Crane; "but he can't come it over us."

Jack Barry drew a long breath and opened his eyes to stare up at his enemies.

"Glad to see you all safe, captain. You didn't take my sloop, I believe."

"We've got you, though, you confounded traitor and pirate!" answered Nixon, "and you'll swing from the yardarm in the morning."

Jack was then secured with cords and placed upon his feet.

"English hemp will never press my neck, you cowardly dog!" he answered. "If you hang me, over twenty English sailors, now prisoners on my sloop, will suffer in the same way."

At an order from their captain the sailors clapped a gag on Jack's mouth, and the officers continued to consult together.

"They are trying to invent some plan for making use of my capture," thought Jack, "but my mate is warned what to do. I wonder where is the young lady?"

Eva was peeping out at him then from the window of the little stateroom, and Cuffy was by her side.

"Oh, Cuffy, Cuffy," she whispered, "it is a pity if that noble young man shall be put to death, as he is the truest and bravest friend I ever had."

The negro expressed a desire to save Jack Barry at the risk of his own life, and Eva advised him how to act. After consulting some time, the two captains agreed that it would be best to forego the execution until morning, and Jack was removed to the strong room and placed in irons. Two armed sailors were also set to watch over him.



## CHAPTER XIII.—Jack's Little Friend.

Jack Barry was as saucy and as merry as ever while in the ship's prison. The English sailors guarding him did not dare to abuse him, as they felt that he was a son of good fortune, and that he may pay them back some day. The gag was removed from the prisoner's mouth, and he joked and humbugged with his guards as if he had the long lease of a happy life before him. At that moment footsteps were heard at the door, and little Cuffy soon appeared before them, holding a bottle and a drinking cup up, as he said:

"De cap'n sends yous dis, lads, but he says as how de prisoner mustn't get a sup."

"That's hard on me, lad," said Jack, as he caught a glance from Cuffy, "and I likely to die soon. Well, obey orders, lads, as the captain may be in here soon smelling my breath to try you."

The sailors did obey orders. They drank; and Cuffy lingered, as if scrutinizing the famous prisoner who had fought so well. Jack seemed to take an interest in the little negro.

"Little blacky is a friend of mine, and the grog is drugged," Jack said to himself.

The grog was drugged, and Cuffy held the key of the fetters on Jack Barry's legs. When the sailors were sound asleep, the little fellow released the prisoner, saying:

"'Twar Missa Eba sent me to you, an' I must go with yous."

"But can't she come, as I know she can swim, lad?"

"She says as how she won't leab de poor ole man, sah."

"Then let us steal up on deck; and you can swear that I'll never forget you, Cuffy."

Cuffy led the way up on deck, and they crouched down as they stole to the bulwarks on the Jersey side. It was their purpose to drop out quietly and swim down before facing over the creek. Cuffy slipped over first; and Jack Barry was in the act of following him when he was seized by the shoulder.

"What are you sneaking over here for?" demanded Bill Crane. "Don't you know the watch is on the creek?"

The rascal did not recognize the prisoner in the darkness, but Jack knew the voice. With an impulsive movement the daring fellow seized the spy by the waist and flung him over the bulwarks before he could utter a single cry. Bill Crane did yell aloud as he struck the water, and Jack Barry was then by his side, having dropped into the water a moment after he flung the fellow over. Seizing the spy by the throat, Jack dived and struck down the river with the tide, dragging the spy with him. Captain Dawson sprang out of the cabin on hearing the spy's cry.

"What's all this rumpus about?"

The sailors explained about the cry of alarm they had heard, and the splash.

"See to the prisoner!" yelled the captain, "and out with the boat."

The boat alluded to was the last one left on the frigate. On rising to the surface with the spy, Jack Barry pressed his throat closer, as he hissed into his ear:

"You cowardly dog, I am Jack Barry, and I

will choke you to death if you do not swim along with me."

## CHAPTER XIV.—No Rest for Jack.

Jack's friends in the creek were fearfully worried about him on finding that he was not returning to them.

Paul Jones kept the men quiet by assuring them that the captain would return before morning, and Alfred Pease and Jasper Carroll voiced the same opinion.

All was excitement on the frigate when it was discovered that Jack Barry had escaped from the black hole, leaving the two sailors stupefied.

Captain Dawson sent out his only boat in search of his enemy. Lights were flashed out from yard-arms, and rockets were sent up.

Captain Nixon sought Bill Crane during the excitement, and the rascally spy could not be found.

Then it became certain to both officers that Bill Crane was a traitor; and that he had assisted Jack Barry in escaping.

"And yet," Captain Nixon asked himself, "why should the rascal have exposed the young captain in the earlier part of the night?"

It was a mystery not easily explained, as the two sailors could not be restored to consciousness.

Little Cuffy was not missed during the excitement. The boat did not move far away from the frigate at first, as it was feared that the privateers would make a dash out of the creek at it. The privateers were all on the alert when they noticed the commotion and the lights on board the frigate. They could all see the boat putting slowly down the river.

"Darn my eyes," said old Caleb, "if I don't bet my boots that are the young captain getting away."

"I knew they couldn't hold him," coincided Paul Jones. "Keep alive now, lads, and be ready to aid the captain."

It will be remembered that the frigate was lying at anchor a short distance above the creek.

When Jack Barry arose with his prisoner, little Cuffy was not far away.

There was just light enough to see dark objects moving on the surface of the water.

The little fellow looked back, and he was surprised on seeing two heads moving after him.

At that time the full commotion had not burst out on board the frigate.

Jack Barry and his prisoner were soon close to the little negro.

"Bear ahead, lad," said Jack, "and steer in shore."

"Who am dat wid you, massa?"

"A rascal called Bill Crane, and I've got him safe by the back of the neck, lad. Have you the knife?"

"Sartin, Massa Barry."

"Then swim at the other side of him, and give him a good jab when I tell you."

"Ay, ay, massa."

The lights flashed out from the frigate as Cuffy responded, and Jack Barry cast his eyes in that direction, when he could see the boat putting along.

After glancing back at the frigate, Jack Barry



cast his eyes in toward the right bank, and he saw that they were below the creek, while still well out in the stream.

"Strike in, lad," he said. "Crane, you swim your best, or you will get a jab of the knife, as I have another here."

While thus speaking, Jack Barry released his grasp on the spy's neck, and the latter did strike out in a vigorous manner.

They all worked toward the right bank, yet the tide swept them down.

From their sheltered position in the creek the privateers could not see the three heads above the water, but they could perceive the boat moving down.

"They're after the captain," said Paul Jones, "but I don't think they spy him yet."

A startling cry arose from the boat, and it shot down and in toward the shore.

"They see him now," said Paul Jones, "and he's below us here."

"Won't we out to the rescue, mate?" eagerly inquired old Caleb.

"Not yet. Don't you see the guns of the frigate are pointed right at the mouth of the creek, and they'd sink us in a jiffy."

"But can't we help the captain nohow?" protested Jasper Carroll.

"We can, and we will; but we must wait a little."

Paul Jones was still obeying his orders, and he was acting wisely. Those in the boat had spied the three swimmers working in toward the right bank, and six oars were plied in vigorous pursuit. A sigh of relief escaped from Bill Crane as he heard the cries of his friends behind him, and he said:

"Now, you dog of a rebel, we'll turn the tables on you."

Jack Barry chuckled a little as he heard the cries, and he glanced back at the boat as he said to his prisoner:

"Don't think they can save you, as I'll finish you first."

"I can't keep up any longer," groaned the spy, as if utterly exhausted, and wavering in his effort as well.

"That's all in my eye. Give him a little jab, my lad."

"Don't, don't," groaned the spy, "and I will do my best!"

And the rascal did strike out with greater vigor, while Jack Barry chuckled as he remarked:

"You don't like cold steel, I see. Well, a rope is more fitting. Strike out, my lad, and we are near the bank."

"But de boat is on us, sah," groaned the little fellow, as he looked back in terror.

"Cheer up, my lad," said Jack Barry, "and we will laugh at them yet."

The boat was close on them, and a rough voice cried out:

"Hold up, you rascals, or we'll blaze at you right off."

Jack Barry cast an eye at the bank, which was within ten yards of them.

There was a chance of his escaping by diving suddenly, and he could strike the spy a fatal blow while so doing; but Jack Barry would not take life in that manner.

Then he thought of Cuffy, while another idea flashed through his mind.

Raising his hands aloft, he cried:

"We give up, and don't fire!"

The others followed suit, and the boat was on them in an instant.

Great was the astonishment of the English sailors on finding Bill Crane and Cuffy with Captain Barry, and the officer in charge cried out:

"You treacherous lubbers, the three of you will swing together."

Bill Crane protested his innocence, and offered to explain, but he was silenced by a rough blow in the mouth.

Jack Barry laughed and chuckled as he saw the spy getting the dose, when one of the sailors said to him:

"I'll give you a crack, you scamp, to stop your grinning!"

"Better not," answered Jack, "or I'll remember your ugly mug."

The boat was then putting back toward the frigate, but it had to keep pretty close in toward the bank, as the current outside was too strong to make much headway against.

The lights were still flashing from the frigate; and those in the boats sent up signals of success. Jack Barry had managed to whisper some warning words to Cuffy before they were dragged out of the water, and the brave little fellow did not despair.

The officer in charge of the boat, who was a young midshipman without much experience, did not imagine that the privateers would dash out of the creek to the rescue of their captain, while the guns of the frigate were pointed in that direction, and he kept on his course near the bank.

Jack Barry quietly counted the men in the boat as they drew near the creek, and he then commenced to whistle "The Rogues' March" in a loud key.

"Stow that piping, you rebel swab!" cried the young midshipman.

"One will do!" yelled Jack aloud, just as they neared the creek, "and down flat I go, lads! Blaze at them!"

The privateers were on the alert. The familiar whistle was scarcely heard when pistols were cocked, cutlasses grasped, and oars grabbed.

When Jack's voice was heard giving the signal, out dashed the largest boat, commanded by the gallant Paul Jones.

The English boat was just abreast of the creek when the privateers dashed out at them, Paul Jones yelling:

"Blaze away, lads, and then close on them to the rescue of our captain."

Jack Barry and Cuffy flung themselves down before the privateers fired, and so did Bill Crane.

The midshipman called on his men to pull for dear life on seeing the strange boat darting out of the creek, but three of the rowers received bullets that rendered them powerless, and two others fell also.

Then down on the English boat swept the privateers, Paul Jones crying:

"Surrender, or you will all die! Where are you, captain?"

"Praying here on my knees," merrily answered Jack Barry. "Spare them, lads, as you are two to one. In with you before the frigate opens on us."

The English surrendered without striking a



blow, and the two boats shot into the creek before those on the frigate could understand the situation.

Bill Crane attempted to drop overboard, but Jack Barry seized him, saying:

"You can't do it, you rascal! Bear in, lads, as there's no rest for us to-night."

## CHAPTER XV.—Jack Tests the Spy.

It wanted two hours of daylight when Captain Barry and his men reached the sloop, and there was work before them still.

Jack had the spy dragged into the cabin, the English wounded were tended to, and an allowance of grog served out to all.

The privateers were jubilant over their success, but Jack Barry would not be satisfied with the good work accomplished.

Eva and her father must be rescued, and the frigate captured or destroyed.

Jack Barry was soon left alone in the cabin with the spy.

Fixing his keen eyes on the young rascal, Jack smiled at him.

"Now, my clever chap," said he, in pleasant tones, "let us understand each other. You are the old man who shipped with us to-night."

"I don't know what you mean, Captain Barry," answered Bill Crane.

"Yes, you do. Let us look at your leg. I knew as much."

The marks of the iron rings were still on the fellow's ankles.

"Well," he said, in sulky tones, "what if I did play that dodge? You did the same on the frigate."

"To be sure, I did, lad; but I got off, and you are caught again. Can you answer a few straight questions?"

"That depends on what they are, as I am not a traitor."

"And I don't want you to be, but you are branded as one."

"I know it. Captain Nixon accused me to-night before; and now your work confirms the suspicion. I am ruined."

Jack Barry laughed at the woeful countenance presented by the spy, yet he pitied the poor fellow.

"What object had you in risking so much, as you are a selfish rascal?"

"Love and gold, Captain Barry, and that is what we all fight for."

"You are out, my lad. I fight because I love the land I live in, and I hate the English tyrants. I strive to save Eva Carroll out of a pure love of justice. Don't you believe me?"

"I believe you are now fighting for the young lady because you are in love with her, captain."

Jack Barry laughed heartily at the idea of his being in love.

"You are out again, Crane," he said. "I love a good ship, a fair fight, and a pleasant voyage, but I have never cast my eyes on a young girl to love her. Is it Miss Eva that you are in love with?"

The blood rushed to Bill Crane's eyes as he held down his head, but he did not answer the question.

Jack Barry blew a long whistle, and then remarked:

"I see how the land lies now. You pretend to work for Captain Nixon, but you meant the girl for yourself."

"And is that a crime, Captain?"

"Not if you went about it in a manly way; but you didn't. Come, have you an honest corner in your heart, Crane?"

"I am honest in my love for Eva, and I could die for her, sir."

"Then why do you aid that old scoundrel against her?"

"Because I meant to humbug him in the end; and now the game is up."

And the rascal gave a deep sigh.

"Come, come, Crane," said the jovial young captain. "There is no use in despairing. You say you would die to save the girl?"

"Yes, I would."

"Then I will make you an offer. I should kill you on account of that cowardly blow, but I suppose you were madly jealous of me."

"Yes, I was, captain, as I thought you got on the frigate to get her off."

"Well, we will let that pass. You understand your position well now, and you know you will be strung up as a traitor if the English catch you."

"I know it, sir."

"Then I will give you a chance. Help me to take the frigate and to rescue my friends, and you can live to make love to the young girl if she will listen."

Bill Crane's face brightened at the proposition, and he readily answered:

"Just tell me what to do, Captain Barry, and you will see what I am made of."

"Then I'll put you to the test, and we'll see if you can risk death to save the girl you love."

"I'll risk a hundred deaths to save Eva Carroll," answered the spy, in a voice that had a manly ring in it.

Jack Barry then went on to explain the situation. Even with the loss of so many men, the frigate was too strong for him, as her heavy guns would sink the privateer and her boats with one broadside.

It was certain that the frigate would sail down the river early in the morning so as to get more men at the lower stations and to block the privateer from getting out to sea.

Then Eva and her old father would be at the mercy of Captain Nixon, and the fair young creature would be lost to her admirers forever.

"We must take or destroy the frigate before she moves down," said Jack, "and you are the lad to help me."

He then went on to explain what he required of the spy. Bill Crane listened eagerly, and his eyes brightened the more as he heard the offer made to him by the bold privateer.

"I'm your man," he said, in emphatic tones, when Jack Barry had finished, "and will you trust me?"

"With all my heart," answered Jack. "And I'll promise fair play hereafter, if you succeed; don't forget the risk."

"Hang the risk, Captain Barry! I'll help to save Eva and her father, or I'll die in the attempt. If I do, tell her hereafter that Bill Crane was not such a bad one."



"That I will, my boy. Take a good glass of grog, and then away with you, as we have little time to spare."

Bill Crane left the privateer ten minutes after, and Captain Barry and his men were in the boats again.

"A little more work to-night, boys," Jack said to his men, "and I'll promise a fine treat in the morning."

"We had a fine treat already, sir," responded old Caleb Colt. "But I do hope you ain't forgetting the nice gal."

"What, you old rogue, and have you an eye on the young lady also? Look to yourself, Pease, or he cuts you out."

"I don't care so much if he does, captain," answered the young mate, "so long as we get her out of the clutches of that scoundrel in the frigate."

"Bravely spoken, my lad," said Jack Barry, "and may the best of you win her."

The boats took up their old position near the mouth of the creek.

Jack Barry went on shore and took a position from whence he could watch the frigate well with his night glass.

"I wonder if the young rascal will stand the test," he muttered, "and my scheme has failed. No! By thunder and lightning, the blaze is commencing now, and he has stood the test. Now for the boats, and then to save the girl and her father."

## CHAPTER XVI.—How Jack Saved the Girl.

When Jack Barry returned to his men, Alfred Pease cried:

"Oh, captain, captain, the frigate is on fire, and we captured the last boat. Eva and her father will be burned to death!"

"Not a bit of it, my lad," was the cheerful reply, "while we are to the fore to give them a hand."

"But you see the fire is spreading, sir, and the frigate is doomed."

"I know it; but our friends ain't. Just wait a little."

And they did wait, only to note that the fire increased. The young spy was doing his work, and the moment was near when Jack Barry was to act for his friends.

Bill Crane returned to the frigate by swimming from the bark, and he at once demanded a hearing from the two captains.

The cunning fellow then gave an account of the manner in which he had encountered Jack Barry on the deck, and of his being flung into the river by the bold privateer.

He told a truthful story up to the point of his interview with the privateer captain in his cabin, and he then continued:

"I made up my mind to get back to the frigate and clear myself, at the risk of being strung up, and I managed to get off while the rogues were carousing over their victories."

The spy then went on to defend himself, and to show that little Cuffy was the real culprit.

One of the drugged sailors had recovered his senses, and he bore witness in behalf of the suspected spy.

Captain Nixon was compelled to admit that Bill had been a faithful fellow in very dangerous trials, and he hinted that the young spy would be of great revenge on Jack Barry.

The suspected youth was then dismissed, Captain Nixon saying:

"Think over some plan of getting at the rascal, Bill, as we sail down the river in the morning."

"You may swear I will, captain," was the spy's answer, "as I only live now for vengeance on the rascal!"

Bill Crane had the run of the ship again, and he soon set to work. He managed to release the old blind man from the black hole, and to place him in a position from whence he could be rescued in the hour of peril.

He managed to get an interview with Eva, when he explained to her the project for her rescue.

"I may be killed, Miss Eva," he said, "but I would like you to remember that I will die trying to serve you."

"I will remember, indeed," answered Eva, "and I'll never forget you. Save poor father, and I will bless you."

The cunning fellow then set to work to fire the ship in several places.

He took precaution, however, to start the flames at a safe distance from the magazine, so that a blow-up would not take place until after help arrived.

The sailors left on board the frigate, as well as the officers, were still on the watch for the expected attack by the privateers, and they did not dream of danger on the ship. When the first alarm of fire broke out, all hands hastened to quench the blaze.

Great was the consternation when another and yet another blaze burst forth.

Captain Dawson became frantic with apprehension, and he yelled forth:

"That demon of a Yankee is still on board at this work."

"The fiends are abroad to-night," cried Captain Nixon, as he rushed down into the cabin to seek Eva.

He could not find the fair girl, and he raved like a madman, while he hastened to seek her father, crying:

"She is with the old wreck; but I swear that they shall not escape me. If the frigate blows up, we'll all go to perdition together."

The villain was still more enraged on finding that the old blind man had escaped from the ship's prison, and he ran through the burning vessel in search of him and Eva, but he could not find them. In the meanwhile, the flames were increasing, and the only means of escaping was by signaling to the enemy for help, or by plunging into the river.

Captain Dawson fired his minute guns, and sent up the signal of distress, as he cried:

"I will stick to the ship to the last, and trust to the mercy of the Yankees. The last boat is gone. Let those who wish take to the water and seek to escape a Yankee prison by swimming to the Jersey shore. Take your choice now, lads, as here come the privateers from the creek."

"I'll face the water," said Captain Nixon, "as I know that Jack Barry would murder me if he took me. Friend Dawson, tell the scoundrel that



I will meet him again. I will fit out a privateer, and I will chase him over the ocean."

With an imprecation on his lips the baffled man sprang into the river and struck out toward the left bank.

Three sailors followed his example, only to be captured by the Yankees in the morning.

With ringing cheers the privateers hastened to the rescue. Jack Barry was the first to spring on the deck of the frigate.

"We surrender, Captain Barry!" cried the unfortunate commander, "as the terrible element disarms us."

"That is your luck, sir," answered the victor; "but you'll find that we are not pirates, and we'll treat you well."

Great was Eva's joy on finding herself in one of the boats with her father and Captain Barry.

"Oh, brave captain," she cried, "how can I ever thank you!"

"Faith, you needn't thank me at all, miss," was the modest reply. "It was only my duty to destroy the enemy. I hear that Captain Nixon has escaped and he has sent me a challenge. Well, I accept it, and I swear to meet him as soon as ever I can. There goes the frigate."

## CHAPTER XVII.—Opening a Bright Career.

There was great rejoicing among the patriots along the Delaware River on the following day. Jack Barry had destroyed two English ships, taken many prisoners.

He had rescued Eva and her father, who were sent up to Philadelphia as soon as the old man was able to travel. And he proved to the British that the Yankees could plan and fight on water as well as on land. Yet Jack was not half satisfied. Captain Nixon had escaped, and that was the rascal he was after.

The little privateer made several attempts at getting out to sea, but the English war vessels kept such a strict blockade below that it was impossible even for a small boat to escape detection.

They were then planning the capture of Philadelphia, and they were very vigilant.

As Jack Barry could not get to sea, he played the mischief with the enemy along the river.

He attacked supply ships and scouting parties, retiring into creeks and hiding-places when pursued by superior vessels, and he played the mischief with the enemy's stores in general.

Toward the end of the year Congress fitted out two merchant vessels as men-of-war, and Jack Barry was placed in command of one of them.

When the national flag of America was adopted our bold young hero was the first to unfurl it on a ship of war.

He was soon after transferred to the command of a frigate, but he could not get out to sea, owing to the Delaware river being frozen over.

Yet he was not idle. In the meantime Eva Carroll and her father were safe in Philadelphia, but their old enemy was at work.

Captain Nixon was in disgrace, and he was compelled to retire from the English naval service. He offered to fit out a privateer, but the English government refused to give the proper credentials, having no faith in a man who had made so many blunders.

Burning with mortification and hatred, the vengeful man entered the English army then threatening Philadelphia.

Through private influence and money he soon received an appointment as captain of a band of Tories, acting as scouts, marauders, and spies for the English.

While Jack Barry's frigate lay idle in the harbor, the gallant young hero sought service on land, and his old companions served under him during the winter.

Bill Crane retired to Philadelphia after the destruction of the frigate, where he was employed by Mr. Meredith.

Jack Barry could not trust the spy, even after the trying test.

As Eva and her father were residing with Mr. Meredith, Bill Crane had opportunities of making love to the girl. And so had Alfred Pease. The old spy was in a fair way of becoming a prosperous man when the demon of jealousy entered his heart, and all the evil ideas in him were aroused again.

He saw that Eva was becoming attached to her cousin, though she sought to be civil to himself.

Then he swore that he would win her himself, by fair means or foul, and put his rival out of the way.

While brooding over his disappointment one night, Bill Crane entered a tavern to drown his sorrow in the flowing bowl.

The place was on the water front near Market street, and it was much frequented by the farmers from across the river in New Jersey.

After ordering some liquor, the wretched youth took a seat in the back room. An old farmer entered the place soon after and took a seat near him. Bill Crane was engrossed in his own evil thoughts, yet he soon realized that the old farmer was regarding him in a marked and peculiar manner.

The old instinct was soon aroused in the young man, and he commenced to watch the farmer in turn in his sly way.

"There's something very familiar in that old fellow's eyes," he muttered to himself, "but I'll be hanged if I can tell where I met him before."

The old fellow realized that the young man was watching him also, and he made an advance.

Moving over to the table, he took a seat near Bill as he remarked:

"'Pears to me you're a little down in the mouth, young man."

"Yes, I am down in the mouth. It seems to me I have met you before."

The old farmer grinned and drew nearer as he whispered:

"There's no use in old friends beating around the bush, Bill Crane, and I don't want to with you. Do you know me now?"

"Yes, I do—Captain N——"

"Hush, hush, you fool! I am Farmer Perkins here. And so you failed in your little scheme, and Alfred Pease is to bear away the prize?"

Bill Crane stared at his old captain for a moment as if dumfounded at his audacity, and then he answered, speaking in very cautious tones:

"You are very bold, sir, to come here, even so well disguised. How do you know that my scheme has failed?"



"Because I have been on your track for the last week."

"And you think that I am ripe to act with you again?"

"That is my opinion, Bill. I know you are, and let us work together for revenge, forgetting the trick you played me."

"I played no trick, sir."

"That is all nonsense. If you didn't, how is it that you are here now, and good friends with our old enemies?"

The former spy winced a little; but he soon rallied, and answered:

"I had to save my life and get on the best I could, sir. What are you doing here in that disguise?"

"Can't you imagine, Bill?"

"I suppose I can. You are seeking revenge on Jack Barry, who is still playing the mischief with the English."

"That's what I am after here, and to strike at my scamp of a nephew also."

"What about Miss Eva, sir?"

"I don't care for her now; as her fortune is out of my reach. I suppose you heard about her father?"

"Yes, sir. I know that he has been cleared of the charge of having murdered his own brother, and that his fortune has been restored to him. He is to go back to England after the war is over."

"That's it—hang him! Well, you see I have no chance for the girl now; and I will aid you in winning her if you will give me a hand against Barry and Alfred Pease."

"I'll do it," answered Bill Crane. "Let us get to work at once."

Captain Nixon then went on to explain about the force at his command. He had three spies then under him in the city, and he had a band of thirty well-armed Tories awaiting him in the woods near Camden.

The two rascals soon formed a plot, which was to be put in force on the following night, if possible. It was New Year's Eve and the patriotic old merchant entertained his friends at his mansion on Broad street.

General Washington was one of the honored guests, and Captain Barry was another. Eva Carroll was one of the belles of the evening, and she was as happy as she could be, little dreaming that her old enemy was plotting against her.

Several carriages lined the highway at midnight, as the party was to break up at the dawn of the new year. Bill Crane was very busy that night, and he worked to get the three intended victims together at the close of the joyous entertainment.

He was baffled, however, as far as Captain Barry was concerned, as the young sailor escorted Washington to his headquarters.

About one o'clock in the morning the good old merchant was about to retire to rest, when the cunning spy proposed a parting cup in honor of the new year. Alfred Pease and Eva were the only others present in the reception room, as the old blind gentleman had retired to rest.

The wine was poured out, and Mr. Meredith held up his glass, saying:

"Here's that the English may be driven from our republic this time next year."

They all drank to the toast, and Eva remarked, with a playful smile at her cousin:

"And that we may be all as happy as we are to-night."

Bill Crane understood the remark, and he knew then that the cousins were engaged.

The servants were then called into the room, the genial old merchant insisting that all should drink to the new year.

Jack Barry made his home at the house of his old employer while in the city, and he returned to the mansion about a half hour later.

Great was his consternation on finding the old merchant and his servants sound asleep in the reception room, while Eva, Alfred and Bill Crane had disappeared.

After searching through the house, Jack Barry summoned a few of his own followers, as he muttered:

"This is Bill Crane's work, and I'll bet my life he is acting with the enemy. Perhaps Captain Nixon had a hand in it also, as I wonder that we didn't hear from that rascal before now."

Among those selected by the young hero were old Caleb Colt and Jasper Carroll, both of whom served with Captain Barry.

After a little delay they succeeded in tracing a carriage to the foot of Vine street, where a fisherman gave them some information that was important.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—Settling Old Accounts.

Captain Nixon was enraged with his old spy on finding that Captain Jack Barry had escaped from them, but he did not show it.

The plot was carried out in the most perfect manner, and the prisoners were safe in the Jersey woods before they recovered from the effects of the drugged wine.

Then Bill Crane pretended to the others that he had also been drugged.

Captain Nixon winked at the deception, and he did not make himself known.

Yet Eva and Alfred both felt that their old enemy had abducted them, and that Bill Crane had assisted him.

After crossing the Delaware in a sleigh, the prisoners were driven along toward Trenton, which the English held.

Some thirty horsemen guarded the sleigh along the road, and they were all Tories armed to the teeth.

After traveling about two hours the party stopped at a deserted farmhouse, and a fire was made in the principal room.

Alfred was striving to cheer Eva when Captain Nixon appeared in the room, and flung off his disguise, crying:

"Ha, ha, my old friends, how do you like the close of the entertainment? Now we'll settle old accounts."

Bill Crane was also present. Eva shuddered as she recognized her old enemy; but Alfred Pease confronted the rascal in a bold manner, and replied:

"Captain Nixon, you were baffled before, and you will be baffled again. Eva will never be your wife."



"That is true, as I promised her to Bill Crane here, as a reward for his treachery to-night; yet I may change my mind."

Bill Crane turned pale and held down his head as he felt Eva's upbraiding eyes on him.

The miserable rascal mustered up his courage, however, and said:

"Captain Nixon, remember our compact, and I trust you will keep it."

"Oh, you may be sure I will. Look at the fellow, Eva; and how would you like to marry him to-morrow?"

"Oh, I'd die first!" was the reply. "He is worse even than you are, as he was our friend and our guest."

"You hear what she says, Bill Crane," cried Captain Nixon. "She prefers me to you, and she knows that you are a double-dyed traitor."

While thus speaking in furious tones, the wretch pointed a pistol at the spy.

"Oh, don't fire," cried Eva, "as I cannot bear to see him die!"

The enraged man fired. Eva screamed with terror, and the young spy fell on the floor. He then raised his head and glared at the assassin, as he groaned forth:

"It serves me right for serving you again, you treacherous hound! I now predict, with my dying breath, that Jack Barry will avenge me ere long. Oh, Eva, Eva! It was my infernal jealousy that tempted me to become false to your friends."

And the unfortunate youth fell back on the floor with a deathly groan.

Captain Nixon then turned on Eva again and he pointed to Alfred as he said:

"Understand me well now, girl. I have a band of brave fellows under me who wink at anything I do. We serve the English as spies and scouts, and we are known as Tories. I now swear to you that if you do not swear to become my wife within a few days I will kill Alfred Pease there right before your eyes. What do you say?"

"Oh, I cannot!"

"Then I will settle my account with the young traitor, and then force you to become my wife."

And the wretch turned to point another pistol at the young man. Eva screamed with terror, and flung herself in front of Alfred.

Cries of alarm burst out from the Tories in the yard, followed by a rattling volley of pistols and the trampling of horses.

Then a merry voice could be heard above the din, crying:

"You can't get away, dogs of Tories, as Jack Barry is here to raise the mischief with you all. Down with them, boys, and don't spare the hounds."

"We are saved!" cried Eva, as she recognized the voice of her old rescuer.

Captain Nixon ran to the door at the first alarm when he was flung back by some of his own men, one of whom cried out:

"The Yankees are on us, captain!"

"Then stand your ground, you rascals!" cried the leader.

"Yes, stand your ground, if you can!" cried Jack Barry, as he dashed into the room, followed by several of his friends. "Ha! And so you are here, Captain Nixon! That shot didn't tell, and now try your sword."

Captain Nixon had fired at his young enemy, but the bullet missed the mark.

They then closed together with the swords, while the patriots swept the Tories before them with ease. After a brief struggle the wretch received a mortal wound in the breast, and he fell beside Bill Crane, gasping out:

"Curse the day I first saw you!"

"I hope many of your countrymen will say the same before the war is over," answered Jack Barry, as he turned to Eva. "Now we must away, my dear girl. Alfred, I am glad to serve you."

Jack Barry and friends rode back to Philadelphia as fast as possible, and the young hero was welcomed and praised by Washington on the following day. Alfred Pease married Eva three weeks after, and Jack Barry was the best man at the wedding.

## CHAPTER XIX.—His Glorious Career.

A glance at the naval history of the United States will show the after-career of Jack Barry, the first commodore in the navy and commander of the warship Relief.

Before the winter was over Washington publicly thanked Barry and his men for their brilliant services on land.

In the year 1781 Commodore Barry was intrusted with the important mission of taking the American agent to France, and he accomplished the work, running the gauntlet through a large British fleet.

On his way back the gallant commodore encountered and captured two British warships in one battle.

The gallant hero was badly wounded in the battle, but he remained on deck throughout the terrible struggle, and gave his orders in clear tones, while he kept crying to his men:

"Keep at it, boys, and pepper the British, as you know Jack Barry will fight to the death!"

And victory smiled on him again.

Commodore Barry had the honor of taking Lafayette to France in safety; and in the next year he engaged the three British frigates in the West Indian waters; and, while he could not capture such a superior force he compelled them to fly to a safe harbor.

From the close of the war until the year of his death, in 1803, Commodore Barry devoted his whole time and talents to the development of the American navy.

His whole aim appeared to be that America should have a navy able to cope with the old enemy, and he lived in the hope of striking at the British flag again.

The genial commodore was adored by those who served under him, and he took intense pride in instructing young officers, whom he used to call his "dear boys."

And such was the glorious career of Gallant Jack Barry, who has the honor of being entitled The Father of the American Navy.

Next week's issue will contain "LAUGHING LUKE, THE YANKEE SPY OF THE REVOLUTION."



## CURRENT NEWS

## UMPIRED POLO GAME FROM AIRPLANE

Kelly Field Texas, has produced the last word in umpires. In a recent game of polo between a team from Kelly and one from Camp Travis a DH-4B machine, piloted by Lieut. Harry L. Spec, U. S. A., with Lieut. Benton A. Doyle, U. S. A., as observer, took off and after circling the grounds a few times sent a radio message to the ground asking: "Is the Camp Travis team wearing purple?" The answer was, "Yes," and with this information the observer was able to follow the game from an altitude of 7,500 feet. The entire game was reported by Lieut. Doyle by radio to the ground. Such team play errors as "bashing" and "failure to cover man," together with other features of the play apparently undetected by the authorities on the ground were reported by the air umpire, says the Army Recruiting News. This is probably the first time in the history of sports that a polo match has been umpired from an airplane.

## WONDERFUL STRENGTH

In proportion to size, man is one of the weakest animals on the earth. The muscles of a large-sized oyster will support a weight of thirty-seven pounds. There is a crab that will lift 492 times its own weight. This is equivalent of an average size man raising 73,800 pounds. Felix Plateau, a Belgian scientist, who made many experiments, found that the strength of a fly which was able to lift a match-stick compared with a man's supporting with his feet a beam 14 feet long and 2 feet 6 inches square. There is a little bug that can drag six matches, equivalent to a man's pulling 330 beams as big as himself. To measure the strength of insects Plateau constructed delicate harness to a weighing machine. By prodding the insects he made them move. Then he piled on weights until they stopped. By this means he found that a bee, weight for weight, was thirty times as strong as a horse.

## BOXED LUNCHEONS BEAT RESTAURANTS

The "Luncheonette," a combined home-made, store-made lunch box for the use of office workers who are joining in the "Carry-Your-Own-Lunch" fight against prevailing restaurant prices, has appeared. In a downtown store where office supplies are sold part of one window has been given over to the use of an enterprising organization which prepares and boxes thirty cent lunches.

In the midst of a display of fountain pens and note books a neat, white coated and capped maiden daily prepares the sandwiches which, with other eatables, go into a box and form a thirty cent "luncheonette." Different lunches are prepared daily, but always they include two sandwiches, a cookie, pie or pastry, and some fruit.

Here is the menu for the first day of this week: One chicken salad sandwich, one ham sandwich, one sugar cookie, one large chocolate eclair and one peach.

Judging by the steady rush of customers, a lot of office workers prefer to pay a small sum for a boxed luncheon rather than go to the trouble of bringing one from home.

## HIGH MOUNTAIN PEAKS

Colorado easily holds the record as being the banner State in the country for the largest number of high mountain peaks. According to statistics recently issued by the Colorado Mountain Club that State has forty-two of the fifty-five highest named peaks in the United States. The minimum height of mountains included in the list is 14,000 feet. The highest peak in Colorado is Mount Elbert, which is credited by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey with a height of 14,419 feet. It is only exceeded by Mount Whitney in California, the highest peak in the country, having an altitude of 14,501 feet. After Mount Elbert comes Mount Rainier in the State of Washington, 14,408 feet. Mount Massive, in Colorado, ranks fourth, 14,404 feet, and Blanco Peak in the same State is fifth, 14,390 feet.

Recent measurements, says the Colorado Mountain Club, have reduced the elevations of Mount of the Holy Cross and Buckskin Mountain, placing them below the 14,000 foot class. The name of Crestone has been given to the peak formerly known as Three Tetons, and Glacier Mountain has been named Mount Wilson, these two peaks being respectively seventeenth and thirty-sixth in the Colorado list.

## THE WARNING WHISTLE

The latest instance of ingenuity as applied to automobile accessories consists of a casing connecting the pump connection with the tire valve and having a sounding chamber communicating with the main air passage by a small opening which is closed by a valve. This valve is held upon its seat by a graduated spring, mounted in the sounding chamber, and the cover of the sounding chamber has an opening covered by a harmonic vibrating reed.

In using this device it is first set to the required pressure by removing the cover of the sounding chamber and shifting the graduated spring around its center until the section adjusted for the pressure desired covers the valve and holds it to its seat. After replacing the cover, the indicator is screwed on the valve of the tire and the air supply hose attached. The pump is then started and kept going until the reed in the cover of the indicator sounds the warning that the proper pressure has been reached in the tire.

The action is simple. The spring having been set for a certain pressure, the valve connecting with the main passage will be held upon its seat by the spring as long as the pressure in the tire is less than the predetermined amount. But as soon as the desired pressure is exceeded, the pressure in the main passage will overcome the pressure of the spring, the valve will be lifted from its seat, and air will pass into the sounding chamber and will set the reed into vibration, thereby giving the warning whistle to the person at the pump.



# CHARLIE CHAPMAN'S COURAGE

—OR—

## THE BOY WHO TOOK CARE OF HIS MOTHER

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER IX.

#### Charles Goes A-Wooing.

They had built on a roomy kitchen, and had put some old second-hand window frames into the crib, so that it was habitable.

Charlie put the final work on it himself, by painting the old makeshift a pretty green.

"Golly, lad, but you are extravagant, ter put all that expensive paint on a place fer me and the wife," said Hez, as he looked at the improvement.

"Not at all," said Charlie. "It is a good investment, and I traded a pig for enough paint to put over the place. My dad was a great believer in painting a farmhouse. He came from up in New England, where they paint the houses every spring. That is why the Yankee farmhouses last a couple of hundred years."

"Thunder, I never thought about it that-away," said Hez, "ye're a lot spryer than most young fellers. I guess it's 'cause ye never waste yer time over the gals, but 'tend strictly to business all day long."

The young fellow smiled good-naturedly.

He had never let the other man know how much he thought about a certain pretty girl, for Charlie believed in keeping such things locked up inside his breast.

But just that afternoon he was planning to go and see Judge Cromley's daughter, Frances, and the reader can guess that he was deeply interested in that particular young beauty.

"I don't believe it is too good to watch pretty dresses all the time, Hez," said Charlie. "But occasionally a fellow likes to see them flutter. And that reminds me, I believe that I will take a ride up to Fernbank, and see a girl I know."

"Ho, ho!" chuckled Hezekiah. "I might a-knowed ye wasn't no exception to the rest. Waal, I'll do the chores around, fer ye've finished up about everythin' else."

Charlie went to his room, and donned his nattiest clothes, and even though a country lad, he was one of the kind who believed it no disgrace to keep himself clean and well dressed—in the times when well-kept clothes were appropriate.

"Ah, Charlie, where is my wandering boy going to wander now?" asked his mother as she peeped at him.

"You can guess—just to make a little call on Frances. The judge invited me to come up for supper this evening—said it a couple of days ago, and if you won't be lonely, I will go."

"Of course you must go," said the gentle mother. "Mrs. Denny and the little ones are still living in the house here, and will keep me company. So go right up and have a good time."

Charlie kissed her affectionately, and then mounted Black Nell, for he always preferred riding the spirited little pony to driving behind the fastest horse.

Black Nell loved her master, and it was a pleasure for her to take him about, as could be seen from her spirited manner when Charlie rode her about the countryside.

The youth reached Fernbank after a pleasant little dash, and quieted his pace as he entered the town.

Everybody he passed had a good word for the youth, and he received greetings and smiles as he passed. It is such an easy thing for a young chap to be popular—only common sense and kindness being needed. Yet so few lads really enjoy the pleasures that come from being popular wherever they go.

There was only one fellow in Fernbank who really disliked jolly Charlie, and this was the son of the president of the village bank, Lewis Henlon.

He was a bright boy, and he, too, had been preparing for college under the tutoring of Professor Benson.

Lew Henlon, however, did not possess Charlie Chapman's ability to study and stick to his work. He was used to getting what he wanted by merely asking his father, and he looked with scorn upon the unlucky lad whose parent had died.

Lew Henlon, however, had an idea to beauty, and he shared Charlie's good taste—so much so, that he was a steady admirer of Frances Cromley.

Now, in her heart Frances was very fond of Charlie, but girls are strange creatures. The very fact that her father was so favorable to Charlie's chances made her pretend often that she did not care a bit for the lad.

When Charlie reached her house that afternoon he was told by the servant girl that Miss Frances had gone out driving on the lower river road with Lew Henlon.

"You'll find her here in about two hours," said the girl, with a laugh, for she enjoyed making Charlie squirm a bit.

"Well, I'll be back again in a couple of hours, then," said the youth. "I am coming to supper anyway. Where's the judge?"

"He's down the street at his office—there he comes now," said the girl.

Charlie mounted Black Nell and rode down to meet his old friend.

"Well, I guess I'll have to suck my thumb, judge, for your daughter is out with my hated rival enjoying the scenery of the lower river road," said Charlie, with a good-natured laugh.

The judge grinned.

"Well, Charlie, I don't care for that Lewis, and we men of the world must stick together. Frances is a coquette. By Blackstone, I have an idea!"

(To be continued)



## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

### DRUNKEN SWINE GIVE CLUE

A drove of intoxicated hogs gave Prohibition officers the clue that led to seizure of a giant still and arrest of two men in Letcher County, Ky. Returning from an expedition through the Cumberland River headwaters, Officers James Toliver, Felix G. Fields and John G. W. Collins reported destruction of six stills. The largest was found in a dark ravine near the mountain top. Officers ran across a bunch of hogs cutting weird capers. A search revealed a modern outfit near by. Joseph Riggs was arrested at the still. Henry Sutgrill also was taken into custody. The hogs had been drinking beer and refuse from the still.

### BOY HANGS HIMSELF WHILE EXERCISING

Henry C. Ware, Jr., 16 years old, son of Henry C. Ware, secretary of the Murphy Varnish Company, Newark, accidentally hanged himself with an exercising apparatus the other night in his home at 5 Glenwood avenue, Orange, N. J., while his family chatted with visitors downstairs. His body was found by his mother.

The apparatus consisted of a strap which went around his neck, attached to a rope which led through a pulley attached to the ceiling. The rope was long enough to permit the other end of the rope to dangle within reach of Ware's hands. By pulling on the end of the rope with his hands the strap around his neck would lift him from the floor. The rope got caught at the pulley and left him dangling four feet from the floor, where he strangled to death.

### OUR LATEST BATTLESHIPS AND BATTLE CRUISERS

Our latest battleships of the "Indiana" class, of 43,200 tons displacement and 23 knots speed, carrying twelve 16-inch guns, will be electrically driven. The turbines of 60,000 combined horsepower will develop their full rated load at 265 pounds pressure, 50 degrees superheat, and 28 1-2 inches vacuum. The six new battle cruisers of 43,500 horse-power and 35 knots speed carrying eight 16-inch guns, will also be driven electrically. Two of them, the "Ranger" and the "Constellation" will carry four Westinghouse turbines of 49,750 brake horse-power, the current from which will be developed on eight Westinghouse motors, each of 22,500 horse-power.

### CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKE AND VOLCANO

Great earthquakes, says the Scientific American, are mostly from one of two causes—the shrinking of the earth due largely to cooling, or the effects of volcanic action. Both of these effects must persist so long as the causes are active.

In the long future both causes will cease to be active, and earthquakes must cease. But no scientist would say in years when that time will come. Certainly not in our time. Geology reckons time in thousands and in millions of years, and earthquakes now occur by the thousand each year. It is estimated that there are 30,000 earthquakes a year which are large enough to be per-

ceived by the senses, and an almost innumerable number of lesser tremors which are too small to be perceived.

Most of our earthquakes are due to the cooling of the earth and the shrinkage of its strata from cooling. The result is the breaking, folding and slipping of the strata upon each other. A slip of but a short distance will produce a large effect upon buildings and the earth's surface. A motion of a fifth of an inch, it is said, will throw chimneys down.

The greater part of the United States seems to be free from violent earthquakes, but in the past there have been great earthquakes in several regions. In 1811-1812 a series was felt in the Lower Mississippi Valley which has been characterized as "of world-shaking order." The last considerable earthquake in the East was the Charleston earthquake in 1886. These facts seem to indicate that severe shocks are not as common as a century and more ago.

The great earthquake regions of the earth lie in two circles, one surrounding the Pacific Ocean and the other lying nearly east and west around the earth through the Mediterranean, Southern Asia, the East and the West Indies.

### HIS BEST RELATION

By Mary Leon

I've got lots of relatives,  
Uncles, aunts, and such,  
Brothers, sisters, cousins, too,  
And like them very much.

But the one I like the best of all  
Is one I never saw;  
I know it's funny, but it's 'cause  
He's so good to my paw.

My paw, he calls him Uncle Sam;  
Says he's my uncle, too;  
That's queer, but right I know, because  
My paw says always true.

Paw he gets letters from this man  
Most every once in a while;  
And when he sees the envelope  
It always makes him smile.

For he sees straight through the letter,  
And says: "Well, I expect'  
That this here letter now contains  
Your Uncle Samuel's check.

For interest on my Vict'ry Bonds;  
And now, small son of mine,  
Put on your cap and come along  
I'll get you something fine."

I don't know what a coupon is.  
Nor checks nor interest.  
But I know of all my relatives  
My Uncle Sam is best.

— Buy W. S. S. —



## A SLIPPERY SCOUNDREL

By JOHN SHERMAN.

A few days ago I chanced to read a paragraph in a paper concerning a certain New York politician who was once a prominent official here and who has since been compelled to seek a home in a foreign land. The man referred to was Slippery Dick. I once knew another customer who was called Slippery Dick, but he was famed as one of the ablest burglars in the country. And wasn't Dick Duncan a slippery scoundrel—in more ways than one?

He was an ugly looking rascal. Had he lived in the present day he would be called a dude, as he generally aped the Cockney style of dress. And wasn't he a great favorite with the silly girls? When I first met Dick Duncan he was a bookkeeper in a hardware store in New York and he was regarded as a respectable young man. The firm deemed it wise to investigate his accounts and Dick became so indignant that he left the city in disgust, taking some thousands of dollars and a trusting young girl named Jane Morton along with him.

Ten years after his disappearance a care-worn looking lady called on me. The lady was poor Jane Morton of other days.

"You recognize me, Mr. Fox?" she said, and her voice shook.

"Yes, Miss—Mrs. Duncan, but I heard that you were dead."

"And I am dead to the world—to every one save yourself. Oh, sir, will you not help me to be avenged on one of the most infamous scoundrels that ever lived?"

"To whom do you allude?"

"To my husband—Richard Duncan—to the man who believes that he has murdered me and that I will never trouble him again."

"What can I do for you? State your case to me."

She soon set about telling me her story. When she ran away with Dick Duncan she did not know he was a thief and he made her his wife before they left New York. Asserting that he had a fortune left him by some relatives in Scotland, they set sail for Liverpool, but the rascal took her to London instead of Scotland. Soon after arriving there she learned that he had joined a gang of burglars and she left him, procuring a place for herself as seamstress in a wealthy London family who had a country seat outside of the city. Several months after leaving her husband Jane went out to the country seat with the family. Very soon after the house was entered by burglars, who made off with a large quantity of valuables.

The master and servants gave chase to the burglars, and one of the rascals was captured and proved to be Dick Duncan.

He was tried, convicted and sentenced to prison for twenty-one years. Jane saw her husband in the dock, but she did not pretend to know him. Years afterward the former seamstress became the companion of the young lady of the house, who was very charming as well as a rich heiress.

They all resided at the country seat again and

the master of the house brought an officer, Captain Cameron, down from London, who stated that he was formerly in the United States Army. Jane met him out on the lawn on the first evening of his visit and she at once recognized him as her convict husband. And the recognition was mutual.

"I have been looking for you ever since I returned here, my dear wife," he said, "and I now want you to go off to the Continent with me, where we can live in luxury."

"I will never live with you again," she replied.

"Then you will die with me!" cried the villain as he struck her on the temple and hurled her into the deep river. Though half stunned by the cruel blow, Jane recovered her senses soon after touching the water. Realizing that if she made an outcry her villainous husband would spring in after her and finish the work, she kept herself afloat and looked up. The cowardly wretch fled from the spot immediately. Swimming along with the current, she managed to crawl out at length.

Having regained her breath she walked on until she reached a farmhouse some miles from the villa. She fell fainting at the door of the farmhouse, and the woman of the house placed her in bed. Jane did not awake until next morning and then she heard startling news. The villa had been robbed again and the master himself had been murdered in his bed.

"Just think of it," said the farmer's wife, "that the leader of the burglars should come down there pretending to be a real captain, and who do you think was his companion in crime?"

"I'm sure I can't say," said Jane, trembling with apprehension.

"His own wife, who was the trusted companion of the lady of the house. It all came from one of the villains, who was mortally wounded and caught. He confessed before he died."

Poor Jane made up a story that she lived in London and that she was out in a small boat with friends when it capsized.

She did not dare go back to her friends again, for how was she to disprove the grave charge against her? Fortunately she had her purse in her pocket and hired the farmer's wagon to bear her to London that evening. Changing her appearance as much as possible she sought lodgings in the city.

The savings of years were deposited in a London bank under an assumed name; she had no trouble in drawing the money.

"After that, Mr. Fox," she continued, "I had but one object in life. You must readily guess what that object is."

"To bring your scoundrel of a husband to justice, I suppose."

"That is what I live for. That is what brought me back to New York."

"And he does not suspect that you are still alive?"

"He hasn't the slightest suspicion of it. Will you aid me in hunting him down? I have to warn you that he is a slippery scoundrel, as well as a desperate fellow. I can reward you, and my young lady friend, who is in this city at present, will also richly reward you for assisting in the punishment of her father's murderer."



"Did the young lady or her friends ever suspect that you were the wife of a convict?"

"Oh, no. I told them that I was the widow of an American mate, and that I had run away with him from home here."

"I see. Is Dick Duncan much changed in appearance?"

"He is, and he is very clever at disguises also. I would hardly have known him but for his nose and his villainous eyes. Oh, that I should ever care for such a wretch!"

"I will undertake the job."

"When?"

"This very instant. Draw down your veil and come along."

Proceeding to a livery stable I engaged a carriage driven by a cunning fellow named Jake Powell, who had often assisted me in tracking down evil-doers. Jake drove up Broadway to the neighborhood where the eager woman had last seen her wicked husband. We drove up and down for over an hour but we did not get a glimpse of Slippery Dick Duncan.

Jane put on male attire, as well as a pair of whiskers. One evening, as we were passing along Bleecker street, which was then inhabited by some of our old wealthy families, we heard a loud voice raised in anger issuing from a basement. I stopped to listen, as did Jane. It was a woman's voice and she was crying out in a harsh, shrill tone: "Do you imagine I do not know you, you scoundrel?"

"Indeed, you are very much mistaken, my good woman," replied a man's voice in milder strains.

"The impudence of you to tell me that to my face!" cried the old woman as she shook her clenched hand in the fellow's face; "you are a robber and you are sneaking about here after Mary so as to get a chance to rob the house. But I will denounce you; I will have you arrested. Police—police!"

The old woman was about to spring to the door, when the smiling rascal let fly with his left hand, struck her a hard blow on the temple and knocked her on the floor. I sprang to the door on the instant and I had my hand on his shoulder before he could turn around to retreat as I cried:

"You are my prisoner, Dick Duncan!"

"This is too much!" cried Dick. "Are you an officer?"

"I am, and my name is Fox. You may remember that I boarded in a house on Hudson street ten years ago, and——"

Before I could utter another word the fellow let fly at me with fearful force and I was sent sprawling over the woman.

He then rushed for the door. His disguised wife stood there before him, pistol in hand, as she cried:

"Surrender, you scoundrel, or I will kill you, as you killed Mr. Marlow and tried to kill me! I am your wife, Jane Morton!" The fellow started back for an instant, uttered a cry of surprise, then darted over me to the inner door and dashed out into the entry leading upstairs, crying: "By George, but this is a surprise! I must give them the slip."

Dick Duncan escaped me that evening and I

didn't see anything of him for a year after, although he was in the city during the time and working at his business like a beaver.

His wife never grew tired of hunting him down. One day she ran into my office, fearfully agitated as she cried:

"I have him again!"

"Where is he?"

"He is down in a vessel at the foot of Burling Slip, and he's disguised as a sailor. The vessel is about to sail for Liverpool. Hasten and disguise yourself or he will give us the slip again." Hiring a small boat, we pushed out and I addressed the captain at once, saying:

"You have a sailor on board here who is wanted on shore."

"Which one?" asked the captain as I showed him my badge.

"The man came on board sober an hour ago." I said as I took a rapid glance at the busy sailors. "Still the man we want is not on deck."

At that moment a cry rang out: "Man overboard! man overboard!" I sprang to the side of the vessel and my companion sprang with me. We could see a man in the water, swimming along with the tide about twenty yards below the vessel.

"'Tis the slippery scoundrel!" cried the disguised woman; "and he is trying escape us."

"Get into the boat and we'll go after the rascal!" I cried.

We were in the boat as soon as possible.

We were gaining on him as he neared the dock, when the woman cried: "He'll escape again, the slippery scoundrel! I'll shoot him!" Drawing a pistol as she spoke, Jane took aim and fired at her husband. The rascal flung up his hands, uttered a cry of agony and disappeared beneath the water.

We watched around for two hours, but he did not appear again. Still, the vengeful wife would not make up her mind that he was dead. As she became very crazy from her troubles I had her consigned to an insane asylum near the city. One morning as I approached the asylum I noticed a crowd of people gathered around some objects in the grounds outside the wall. "What's the matter over there?" I asked a man hastening toward me.

"Two of the inmates of the asylum," he replied, "a man and a woman, have just been found dead over there. They must have murdered each other, as they were locked together in a deadly embrace."

I looked at the woman and I recognized my old girl friend at once. I then turned to look at the dead man and I exclaimed: "Good heavens! but this is strange. It is her rascally husband!" It was Slippery Dick Duncan without a doubt, and he had been choked to death by his much-injured wife, who had also perished in the fatal struggle. I could never make out how they had both left the building on the previous night, but I was informed by an old burglar acquaintance that Dick had never been in his right mind after escaping from the water with a bullet in his head. He was sent to the asylum by some of his burglar friends.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1920.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## FAMOUS VETERAN A FARMER

Sergeant-Major J. Kelly, V. C. Veteran of the Afghan, Egyptian, Boer and great wars, aged 65 years, has taken a homestead on Cortez Island, B. C. He won his Victoria Cross in 1879 in Afghanistan. He came to Canada in 1900, and went to Europe in the last war with the First Division.

## BIG WAGES FOR CORN CUTTERS

Corn cutters in Waynesboro, Pa., are being paid from 15 to 18 cents a shock. With corn standing straight and unmarred by damaging storms, a laborer can and does cut anywhere from forty to sixty shocks of corn a day, netting a daily wage of from \$6 to \$9. Some make as high as \$12 a day.

## USED COWS TO CUT GRASS

Residents of Bellefonte, Pa., have been greatly shocked to learn that cows have been pastured in the beautiful Union Cemetery, where lie the remains of three Governors of the State, Senators, Congressmen, Judges and many others of prominence. An investigation revealed that the caretaker, who is paid for keeping the grass cut in the cemetery, has been pasturing his cows in the home of the dead.

## ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF RED BOOTY TAKEN BY POLES

President Pilsudski is at the northern front personally commanding the drive which it is announced has resulted in the complete defeat of sixteen Russian Bolshevik divisions. The staffs of the 3d and 4th Bolshevik Armies have been captured, and the staffs of the 21st, 41st, 55th and 57 Divisions and of several brigades and regiments also have been taken prisoners. The total number of prisoners is given at 42,000.

Guns to the number of 166 have been captured, and in addition 900 machine guns, 1,800 armored cars, seven armored trains, three airplanes, twenty-one locomotives, 2,500 wagons, ten motor cars and great stores of ammunition and other materials which the Bolshevik had assembled for a fall drive against the Poles have been taken.

## OKLAHOMA CLAIMS OLDEST WOMAN VOTER

Woman suffrage was received with no more delight by any woman in the State than by Mrs. Elizabeth Davison, Lake township, Comanche county, who is probably the oldest voter in the State of Oklahoma and probably in the United States. Mrs. Davison, who is 110 years old, registered for the first time at the registration preceding the recent primary.

"Grandma" Davison, as she is better known, is taking an active interest in politics, especially in the candidacy of Elmer Thomas, candidate for Congress from the Sixth District, with whom she has been close friends for many years. "Grandma" Davison lives in the Wichita Mountains, a short distance above Medicine Park.

She was born in Scotland in 1810. She came with her parents to the United States and located in Tennessee. Later she moved to Texas and at the opening in 1901, came to Oklahoma to take up a homestead. Mrs. Davison is remarkably active for her age. She registered as a Democrat at the recent registration.

## LAUGHS

Mrs. Benton Holme—Why, Tommy, you're a perfect little pig. Now, aren't you sorry you ate so much roast beef? Tommy—Yes'm; cause I ain't got any room left for another plate of ice cream.

"So they threw cabbages and other vegetables at you in all the towns the company played. The tour must have been a failure." "No, a profitable success. The manager converted us into vegetarians, and we didn't have a single restaurant bill."

A West Virginia dorky, a blacksmith, recently announced a change in his business as follows: "Notice—De copardnership heretofore resisting between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

More than five thousand elephants a year go to make your piano keys," remarked the student boarder who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent medicine almanac. "Ain't it wonderful," exclaimed the landlady, "what some animals can be trained to do?"

"Ha, my dear," advised the old country woman, "don't you marry rashly. You keep your weather eye open, like I did when I was a girl." "But I love him," said the simple village maid. "Pooh!" sniffed the adviser. "Now, you take example of me. You see this cottage of mine? Well, I got it fixed up for practically nothing." "Oh," said the village maid, without enthusiasm. She was thinking of Jeames. "And how did you manage it?" "Why, dearie," responded the good woman, "I was engaged to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then I broke it off and married the plumber."



## INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

### CAVERNS REVEALED BY BLAST

Caverns which may exceed in extent those of Luray were discovered on the farm of Edward Hutzell, ten miles from Waynesboro, Pa., by workmen blasting for stone to repair the Keedysville road. One courageous laborer entered about twenty-five feet, and came back with the report that he looked down into "a room approximately fifty feet in height."

### RAISING TWO MILLION BABY TREES

From the moment the tiny seeds are placed in beds until the bedraggled "monarch" of the forest yields to the storm and stress of years, trees are not impervious to the undermining depredations of insects and rodents. Mindful of this fact, Uncle Sam establishes safeguards around the seed bed as well as jealously guards the grown-up trees in the National forests.

Acreage devoted to sprouting young trees for transplanting 7,000 acres of land annually is covered with fine screening as a protecting influence against insects and rodents that would uproot the otherwise promising crop. A type of screen recently devised for this purpose is so constructed that the sides as well as the top are detachable, thus permitting of storage in compact space when the screening is not in use.

Seeds selected for perpetuating the National forests are assembled by the U. S. Forest Service the previous fall for planting the following spring. Germination tests are first made to determine the vitality of the seed, after which they are sown in beds at a rate sufficient to yield about 150 trees to the square foot.

Ordinarily, Uncle Sam replenishes his diminishing stock of trees in the National forests at a rate of 1,000 young trees to the acre. Couple this fact with the production of 150 trees to the square foot in the seed bed and you can calculate the mileage of screenings used in safeguarding the plant life from its enemies. The seeds are brought to fruition in large nurseries, with a capacity for producing about 2,000,000 plants.

### FIRST BATHTUB IN AMERICA

Like other great reforms, physical and intellectual, the bathtub had to fight its way onward and upward in spite of the habits of mankind. Baths flourished in the ancient Roman civilization, but cleanliness lost out in the Dark Ages. There has ever been a natural aversion to soap and water in combination in the human family, stronger the further north peoples have lived.

The first bathtub in the United States, an exchange says, was built in Cincinnati and installed in a home there in 1842. It was made of mahogany lined with sheet lead and was proudly exhibited by its owner at a Christmas party. Next day it was denounced in the Cincinnati paper as a luxurious, undemocratic vanity. Then came the medical men and declared it a menace

to health. In 1843 Philadelphia tried to prohibit bathing between November 1 and March 15 by ordinance. Virginia taxed bathtubs \$30 a year. In 1845 Boston made bathing unlawful except when prescribed by a physician, and President Fillmore installed the first one ever in the White House.

These things seem incredible in an age when transient hotel accommodations include a bathroom, but sanitation is a recent development. A southern Ohio lawyer went to Columbus a few years ago, and when he registered at the hotel the clerk asked him if he wanted a room with bath. The guest thoughtfully rubbed the stubble on his chin and replied: "No; I'll be home by Saturday." The other is that of a newly rich lady who was showing a friend of her days of poverty the very elaborate bathroom in her new home. It was a sizzling hot August night. "La, how you must enjoy that tub!" she exclaimed. "Indeed I do," was the response. "I can hardly wait for Saturday night to come!"

We are sufficiently civilized to be for the bathtub—with reservations; the chief one being an instinctive sympathy with the Frenchman who thanked God he had never insulted his skin by putting cold water on it.

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## GOOD READING

WOMAN WITH 14 DOGS TO FEED ASKS  
REDUCTION IN TAXES

Mayor Frank Feist, of Steubenville, Ohio, has had a pathetic appeal from a woman who says she has to work hard to support fourteen dogs, for nine of which she pays license fees, and she feels financially unable to pay a tax on the other five, which are menaced by the dog catcher. She asks that they may be exempted.

## RAILWAY ACCIDENT'S HAPPY END

Quite a number of folks in Manning, Ia., who ordinarily could not have a supply of liquor on hand, because of the Volstead Enforcement Act, now are well supplied as a result of a railroad wreck near here several nights ago, says a dispatch from that city. Wine flowed freely from a tank car that sprang a leak, and news of the supply spread quickly. Pots, pans, buckets and other receptacles, hastily commandeered by Manning residents, were brought into play to catch the liquor as it ran from the car. In a fight that followed one man armed with an axe was seriously cut by another who used a knife as his weapon.

COFFIN PACKED WITH BOTTLES OF  
WHISKY

Federal Prohibition enforcement agents were reported recently to have sent out an alarm to try to catch the driver of an automobile hearse which, according to railroad employees in Harmon, N. Y., has been carrying liquor through that section.

For several weeks troopers of the State Constabulary have been searching automobiles in Harmon, Croton and nearby places. The result is that several loads of booze were seized. The traffickers have resorted to all sorts of tricks to move the liquor up-State.

Railroad employees reported that they inspected a motor hearse and found a casket inside with a wreath of flowers on top. When the chauffeur lifted the lid the casket proved to be packed with bottles of whisky. Railroad men notified Conductor William Gale that the authorities had seized the hearse between Harmon and Peekskill, but Lieut. Charles Broadfield of the State Constabulary declared he had received no notice of this so far. Whether Federal authorities seized a hearse could not be learned.

WHAT ARE THE SOUNDS WE HEAR IN A  
SHELL?

The sounds we hear in the sea shell are really air waves or sounds made by air waves, because all sounds are produced by air waves.

The reason you can hear these sounds in a sea shell is because the shell is so constructed that it forms a natural sounding box. The wooden part of a guitar, zither or violin is a sounding box. They have the faculty of picking up the sounds and making them stronger. We call them "resonators," because they make sounds resound. The construction of a sea shell makes an almost

perfect resonator. A perfect resonator will pick up sounds which the human ear cannot hear at all and magnify them so that if you hold a resonator to the ear you can hear sounds you could not otherwise hear. Ear trumpets for the deaf are built upon this principle.

Sometimes when you, with your ear alone, think something is absolutely quiet, you can pick up a sea shell and hear sounds in it. But the sea shell will magnify any sound that reaches it.

It would be possible, of course, to take a sea shell to a place where it would be absolutely quiet and then there would be no sounds.

There are such places, but very few of them. A room can be built which is absolutely sound-proof.—Book of Wonders.

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## HAWAIIAN NATIVES BECOMING EXTINCT

Hawaii's native race will be extinct in seventy-five years if the ratio of births and deaths set by the official figures for the fiscal year 1919-20 is maintained. This is indicated by the report of Dr. F. E. Trotter, president of the Territorial Board of Health, which shows that during the year the deaths of pure blooded Hawaiians totalled 1,000 while there were 676 births.

There are approximately 25,000 pure blooded Hawaiians living on the Hawaiian Islands, according to estimates. Reports for past years show decreases in their numbers.

In marked contrast with the evidence that the Hawaiians are members of a "dying race" are the vital statistics dealing with those who represent mixtures of Hawaiian with Caucasian and Asiatic blood.

Of the Caucasian - Hawaiians 249 died during the last fiscal year, while there were 699 births in that section of the Territory's population. The Asiatic - Hawaiian strain—principally Chinese-Hawaiian—recorded 102 deaths and 491 births.

The natural increase in the Japanese population of the Territory during the year was 2,266.

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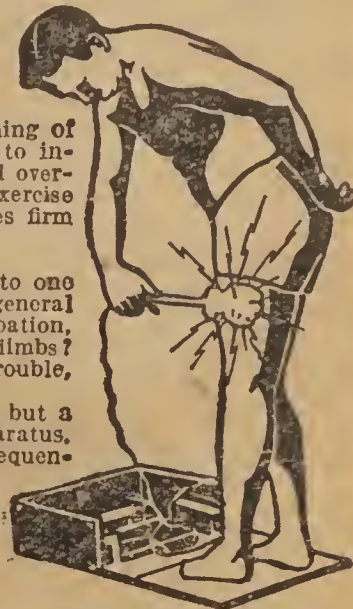
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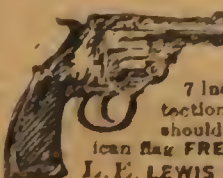
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In the Spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Sub-acute Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a treatment that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with rheumatism, some of them 70 to 80 years old, and results were the same as in my own case.

I want every sufferer from such forms of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of getting rid of your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when relief is thus offered you free. Don't delay. Write today.

**Mark H. Jackson, No. 803G, Durston Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.**

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.



## TEAKETTLE LIFESAVER

Surrounded on all sides by hissing copperheads, Joe Leonard, watchman at the Fulton tunnel, on the New York Central Railroad, Clearfield, Pa., owes his life to a kettle of hot water which he always has on the top of the little cast-iron stove in the shanty which shelters him from the elements. The other morning after completing his inspection of the tunnel, Leonard returned to his watch box, and on entering found six big copperheads had taken possession.

The biggest reptile in the bunch struck at him from beneath a bench, fastening its fangs in a leg of the watchman's overalls. Leonard sprang on to a small bench, permitting the copperheads to dangle over the side. Realizing that he could not battle the snakes without weapons, he seized the teakettle and began pouring boiling water on the snakes, which were striking at him from all sides.

Leonard then sprang outside with the biggest snake still hanging to his overalls, evidently unable to release its fangs. With a big rock the watchman soon despatched his closest enemy.

It measured thirty-one inches in length and was as thick as a man's wrist.

# LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 118 East 28th Street, New York City, or 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

## AIDS TO EFFICIENCY

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

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**WIDE AWAKE MAN TO TAKE CHARGE** of our local trade. \$5.00 to \$6.00 a day steady. No experience required; pay starts at once. Write today. American Products Co., 2369 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**\$6,000.00 A YEAR** is your profit from 4 sales a day. Davidson sold 96 one week. No experience needed. The Aladdin light is a sensation wherever introduced. 5 times as bright as electric. Won Gold Medal. Farmers have the money, they need this light and 9 out of 10 will buy. Also big opportunity in small towns and suburbs. Excellent spare time and evening seller. **NO CAPITAL REQUIRED.** Sample on free trial. Write for agency proposition while territory is still open. **MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 525 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.**

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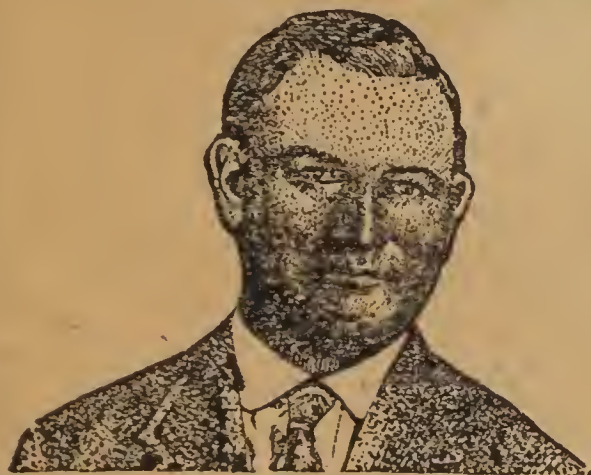


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A half grown cat belonging to Ford Ewald, a farmer near Sussex, N. J., started to run across the barnyard two or three days ago, and on his way he decided to treat himself to a bit of chicken. But unfortunately for himself he picked out a guinea rooster, a most pugnacious bird, and when he jumped toward it the rooster seized the cat by the tail.

The cat growled in agony and with a vengeful twist turned upon the rooster, which cackled shrilly and began to fight in earnest. Feathers and fur flew in all directions, while cat and the rooster struggled in the throes of combat. Ewald watched the fight and for a time felt sorry for the rooster, but when the bird whistled angrily and bit two or three inches of fur out of the cat's hide his sympathy went out to the cat.

The battle continued for about nine minutes, with the cat losing one of its lives every minute. At the beginning of the tenth minute the cat grunted hoarsely and rolled over dead, while the rooster preened himself, neighed in triumph two or three times and then strolled proudly away surrounded by worshipping chickens.



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